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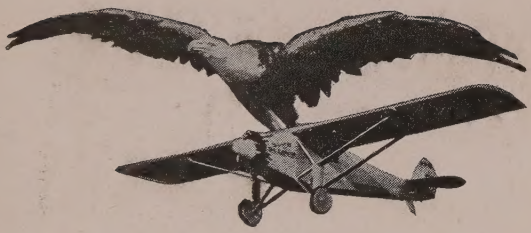

THE LONE EAGLE

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

LINDBERGH

The Lone Eagle

HIS LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS

By

GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE

With a Valuable Chapter on the Navigation of "The Spirit of St. Louis"

By

CAPTAIN ROBERT SCHOFIELD WOOD
D.F.C., M.C., Croix de Guerre; of the Independent Air Force, R.A.F., in France during the World War

And including a copy of the contents of the book presented to Captain Lindbergh by Secretary of State Kellogg, of world-wide congratulations received by the United States Government

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Publisher's Note

Mr. George Buchanan Fife of the Editorial Staff of the New York *Evening World* was especially assigned to write this work from the "take off" at Roosevelt Field of Captain Lindbergh with the "Spirit of St. Louis" for the New York to Paris Flight.

Captain Robert Schofield is a veteran aviator of the World War and also of the *Evening World* Staff. He wrote the valuable chapter showing the operation of the various instruments for navigating "The Spirit of St. Louis." The Work is now published in permanent book form by special arrangement.

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CHAPTER I

THE TAKE-OFF FROM ROOSEVELT FIELD

If youth ever made a superb and defiant gesture it was when Captain Charles A. Lindbergh took off, all alone, from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, at 7:52 o'clock on the morning of Friday, May 20, 1927, to fly to Paris.

Many air pilots of skill and long experience wagged their heads over it; said that never before had a 200-horse power motor been asked to lift and fly with such a load, 5,150 pounds; wondered what the youngster could be thinking of to seek the air—provided he could get aloft—with 750 pounds more of weight than his plane had ever flown; and did he imagine that he could be sure of remaining awake and alert for the forty estimated hours the voyage would

require? In other words, what a foolhardy thing to try.

Yet "Slim" Lindbergh, this embodiment of youth at twenty-five, gave them all his answer in just thirty-three and a half hours after he left the wagging heads behind. For in that interval he flew through storm and stress above the lonesome wastes of the North Atlantic and won to Paris for the greatest reception any living man has ever received.

Nor were the wagging heads all of it. "Slim" Lindbergh seemed to have the weather against him, too. For when he went to Roosevelt Field, determined to make the flight, all the neighborhood was enveloped in a misty rain. Apparently no worse weather for flying could have been imagined.

But the young heart of him held him to his appointed task and even when, at last, his doughty little plane, "Spirit of St. Louis" (and of Youth, too), rose with such perilous slowness into the air, it was lost a minute later in the folds of the morning mist. And for long after that, all that the watchers who had seen "Slim" go knew of him was that he was headed for Paris. The rest lay with Chance.

It was all drama, that morning of "Slim's" take-off, with tragedy seemingly waiting in the wings for its cue. Some of those who wished most eagerly for his success thought he was yielding unwisely to his impatience to be off. But he had, in reality, thought it all out. He had made up his mind on Thursday afternoon, following receipt of weather reports as to conditions over the North Atlantic, that the coming morning would be the time for him to set out, and after that he was not to be deterred.

But he made no announcement of his plan, save to send word to the mechanics in his hangar at Curtiss Field to prepare the silvery "Spirit of St. Louis" for the flight, cautioning them, however, to keep this utterly secret. He went himself to the hangar and, behind its locked doors, he and the mechanicians inspected and tested every inch of the plane.

The order for the immediate delivery of the particularly high grade gasoline "Slim" desired for his motor was what caused the secret to leak out. Then it was about 10:30 o'clock Thursday night, and the hour was one for ducks, not planes. The sky over the flying field was ebon black, heavy fog lay upon everything

and through it came the steady drip, drip of rain.

"Slim" remained at the hangar until nearly midnight, superintending the part filling of the gas tank and the taking on of oil. He spoke little, save in directions to the men who worked with him, but there was no shadow upon his ruddy face. Outside the hangar, now that the news of his determination to fly in the early morning had spread abroad, a crowd of several hundred had gathered, striving to disregard the rain. The lights of a herd of automobiles parked some distance away, lighted up the puddles that glittered everywhere upon the soggy field.

When, his preparatory work accomplished, "Slim" hastened away from the hangar to the Garden City Hotel, he asked that he be called at 2:15 o'clock without fail, but he was dressed and downstairs before 2 o'clock. Sleep evidently meant nothing to him. He got into the motor car which had been kept in readiness for him, and drove to Curtiss Field.

Although the weather reports at that hour indicated that there was a marked lifting of the fog along the coast toward Nova Scotia,

Curtiss Field was still lugubrious with intermittent rain. It was as dreary a reach as was to have been found on all Long Island. Evidently it had proved too much for the greater part of the crowd which had gathered at midnight, still, there were so many people huddled in the wet about the entrance to the field that a motorcycle escort was necessary to get "Slim" to his hangar.

The rain was pouring down when the young pilot reached the building, and he made several telephone inquiries of the Weather Bureau concerning conditions to the northeast. These were sufficiently encouraging for "Slim" to order his plane upon the field, so at 4:15 o'clock the hangar doors were opened and the "Spirit of St. Louis," a greasy canvas covering over its motor, was trundled out into the now lessening rain.

Flares had been lighted and the police had cleared a deep space in front of the building, and into this the plane rolled, its silvery sides now all glistening silver. The crowd, which stretched away into the darkness in two long lines, stood silent, figures out of focus in the mist.

A heavy motor truck was then backed up toward the plane, which the hangar workmen swung about so that its tail might be lifted to the rear of the vehicle. Ropes were made fast to the tail and, with the exercise of every care, it was bound to the truck for the rutty, bumping journey from Curtiss Field to Roosevelt Field. When the lashings were in place, "Slim," who had watched the operation with the keenest eye, passed his hands over them for a last time and then walked back to his automobile and took his seat. Then some one gave an order and the truck with its trailing plane, moved forward. It was just 5 o'clock.

Headed, flanked and followed by motorcycle policeman, the "Spirit of St. Louis" went wabbling after the truck over the long and slow journey. Spectators were not permitted to follow, only those having something to do with the important business in hand and the squad of newspaper men. As the plane rolled across the uneven ground its wings flung violently from side to side as if it resented being lugged along tail first when all its eagerness was to arrow its beak into the wind.

From time to time a halt was called so that

mechanics might feel the wheel bearings to see that they did not become overheated, under the load of more than 200 gallons of gasoline, and to examine the lashings. Then the slow journey was resumed.

When the procession reached a deeply rutted road which it was necessary to cross, the truck stopped again so that boards could be placed over them to afford trackage for the landing gear. And so, with infinite care, the "Spirit of St. Louis" was escorted—which seems a so much kinder word than dragged—to the head of the runway on Roosevelt Field.

"Slim" had not followed his plane on that racking journey, but arrived later, seeking the latest of weather reports. From the liner *Berengaria,* 1,300 miles east of Ambrose Light, came word that moderate to fresh southwest winds were blowing, with clear weather and a rising barometer. The *George Washington,* 700 miles east of the Light, announced light southwest winds, haze and a slight rain, but with visibility of ten miles. These messages told of moderately good weather at least along the steamship lane, which is several hundred

miles south of the "Great Circle," along which Lindbergh had elected to fly.

A little while before he arrived at the runway the dawn came. The rain had dwindled to a drizzle and stopped. But a thin mist still made things shadowy and vague. "Slim" got out of his motor car to stretch his long legs. He was clad in riding breeches, golf stockings and a tight-fitting woolen sweater. Soon after he alighted he walked over to his plane and stood an appreciable time looking at it. Once or twice he gazed skyward—in the direction of Paris, where the lowering gray still hung.

Some of those who stood watching him seemed to see in his manner a crystal-clear indication of what was in his mind—that he was face to face with a tremendous undertaking, but one which must not be shirked for anything in this world. His bearing was, to them, that of a man who, if his breast held fears, felt too, a courage which far transcended them. There was no least sign that he thought for one instant of surrender.

At that moment, perhaps, "Slim" thought of his mother. She was far away, in her little

home in Detroit, probably dreaming of her tall son who was about to set out on a glorious and hazardous adventure, or lying awake and praying for his safe return.

She had bid him godspeed the Saturday before. It had been an unemotional meeting, this farewell between a courageous mother of the early pioneer type and her equally brave son. There had been little opportunity for a display of sentiment even if either of them had felt inclined that way.

Mrs. Lindbergh had spent only two hours with him at Curtiss Field on that last occasion before her son became the idol of the Western World. When it had been time for her to say good-by to him, they had been the center of a jostling, staring crowd.

"Well, good-by, sonny, take care of yourself," she had said while he stooped down to receive her kiss.

"All right, ma, good-by."

The runway on Roosevelt Field is a wide, well-rolled strip of turf 5,000 feet long made as smooth as possible as a path for a plane's take-off. Owing to the wind, the "Spirit of St.

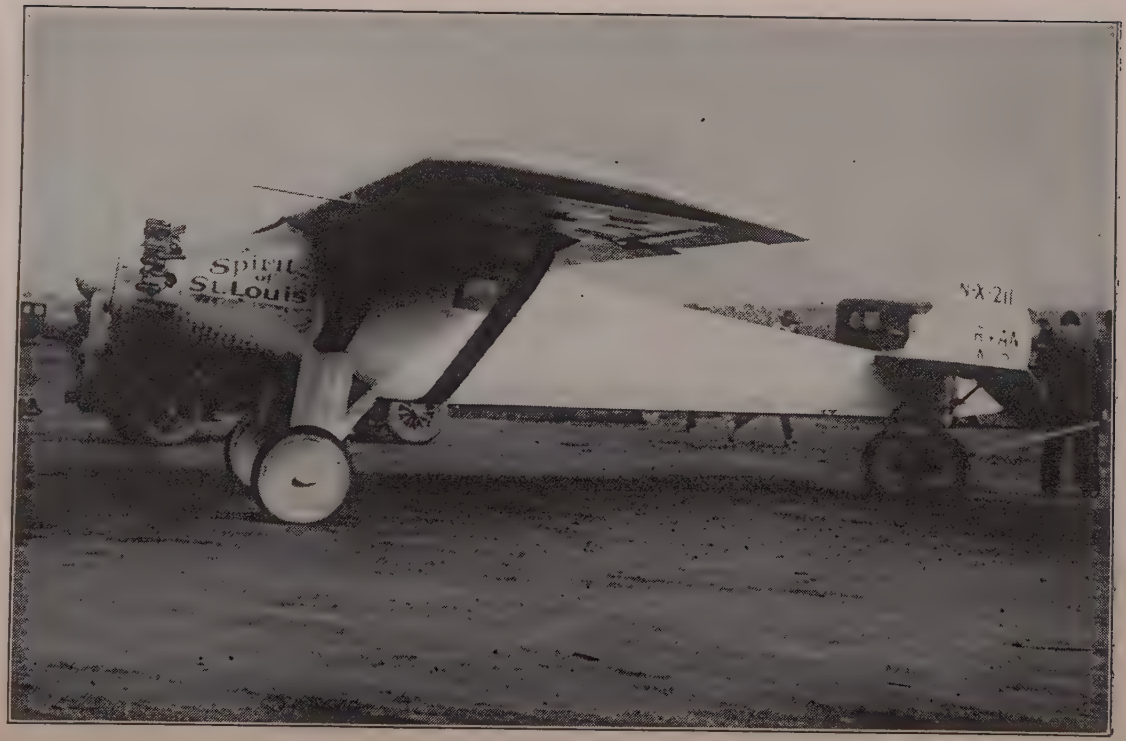
Louis" was so set at the head of it that the plane was pointed in a direction opposite to that which Captain Fonck took last year in the Sikorski ship which crashed, burst into flame and incinerated two of its crew. Thus "Slim's" plane was faced toward the east—toward Paris.

A motor truck containing several sealed drums of "Slim's" special gasoline was drawn up near the plane, and as the morning was now quite light, the workmen began the task of decanting the fuel and filling the tanks to their required capacity. This was a long and tedious work, done by the aid of five-gallon cans which were filled, passed along to men standing over the engine and poured in.

"Slim" did not watch this, but sat in his motor car, talking with those about him, or staring incuriously at the little crowd standing around the plane. He ate a sandwich and drank a glass of water, refusing hot coffee which was offered to him in a thermos bottle. Later he alighted from the car, watched the mechanics, and then strolled back to the car again. He was a very young boy who was looking very intently into the future.

Once, while "Slim" was standing by the

MRS. EVANGELINE LODGE LINDBERGH
Capt. Lindbergh's Mother


Spirit
of
St Louis
NX-211

plane, Commander Richard Byrd, himself waiting to take off on the same journey, went up to him with hearty outstretched hand.

"Good luck and God be with you, old man. I'll see you in Paris!"

"Slim" took the hand and held it fast, but seemed much embarrassed. His head was bowed, his eyes sought the ground as if he were a foolhardy boy in the presence of one who must see him as such. But he looked up after a moment, gave Byrd's hand a lusty shake and murmured his thanks with that ready smile of his. Then Bert Acosta, Byrd's pilot; Clarence Chamberlin, who was later to fly to Berlin; Lieut. G. O. Noville, also of Byrd's crew; Raymond Orteig, Jr., and Jean Orteig, sons of the New Yorker who offered the $25,000 prize for the first flight between New York and Paris, came up and wished "Slim" godspeed. And all this only added to "Slim's" confusion.

By the time the gas had been taken aboard, spectators to the number of several thousands were gathered along the rope barriers the police had erected and hundreds of motor cars were parked at a safe distance from the runway. "Slim" had never before had such a "gal-

lery," but he paid not the least heed to it. He strode to the side of his plane, opened it and took out his fur-lined flying suit, and was helped into it. He looked about a third larger than before. Then he went back to his automobile, donned his helmet, with the goggles clinging above the brim of it, and sat down.

Within a moment a rising whine and then a roar came from the silver plane. The motor had been started and a hurricane was screaming down the runway. That roar was the call to "Slim" Lindbergh. He rose and with quicker step than before, crossed the space between his car and the plane and without a pause, climbed onto the cramped cockpit and closed the door.

For a moment he seemed to play with the motor, speeding the revolutions of the propeller, diminishing them. Then he "gave her the gun," until the plane shook and the very air vibrated with the sound. During an interval of semi-quiet, one of the little party which had been talking with "Slim," went up to him and asked:

"Is it true that you're taking only five sandwiches and two canteens of water?"

"Yes, it's true," "Slim" replied, leaning to one side to speak and smile through the narrow window. "They'll be enough. If I get to Paris I won't need any more, and if I don't get to Paris I won't need any more, either." Thus fatalistic "Slim."

As the questioner walked away, "Slim" once more opened wide the throttle, and those standing near could see him with his eyes fixed on the instrument board. Then, cutting down, he beckoned to Edward J. Mulligan, field engineer for the Wright Company which had built the motor.

"How does she sound?" he asked.

"She sounds mighty good to me," Mulligan replied.

"Slim" waited an instant and then he said, "Well, then, don't you think I might as well go?"

"Yes, I guess you better had," was just what Mulligan answered. And those six words were the last "Slim" heard until all Paris rose to thunder its welcome.

Once more the engine of the "Spirit of St. Louis" filled the air. "Slim" waved a hand, the

mechanics drew away the wheel-chocks and his great adventure had begun. It was 7.52.

The plane started down the runway so slowly that many lips tightened in that great crowd. Into the rain-sodden turf the wheels sank deeply. Mud was spattering in all directions. It seemed impossible that the plane could leave the ground. The wings lurched as irregularities in the turf were encountered. The motor seemed to be roaring its loudest.

Four hundred feet from the starting point the "Spirit of St. Louis" struck a deep spot. It seemed for a moment that the plane must overturn because it had swung to one side. But the powerful motor drew it straight again. Still it was not yet a-wing.

Several hundred feet more it bumped over the turf and suddenly sprang once again into the air, flung upward by some hummock of earth, only to come down heavily. But each of these leaps had given added speed to the motor, increased "Slim's" chances.

At last the 3,800 foot mark was reached, with the end of the runway almost at hand. It was now or never. Another leap and the plane was seen to waver, and here it was that "Slim"

won, for the "Spirit of St. Louis" remained in the air.

Clarence Chamberlin, who, with Byrd and the rest, were watching "Slim" with a great fear in their hearts, cried out:

"The man who lives through the hell of that single point and doesn't decide to cut his gun and stop his plane, may get into the air or he may go over the bank, but there'll never be any doubt of his courage!"

Then the watchers saw "Slim's" weighted plane make another leap into the air, and it was seen to waver, but in that leap he won, for the "Spirit of St. Louis" rose from the ground and held it.

"He's off!" the crowd cried—and waited.

It was no great height, only fifteen feet, but "Slim" was flying. The question now was would he be able to clear a shanty and a line of telegraph wires which spanned his path. There was also a deep gully just beyond.

An instant more and the plane rose a little, barely enough, it seemed, to clear the obstructions. Yet it cleared them, if by only a few feet, and in some miraculous way, began to climb, slowly, slowly. It swung to the right,

then back again, but always upward. In a little while it had gained what appeared to be a height of about 300 feet.

It was now a silent silver bird in the gray sky, and so it passed from sight.

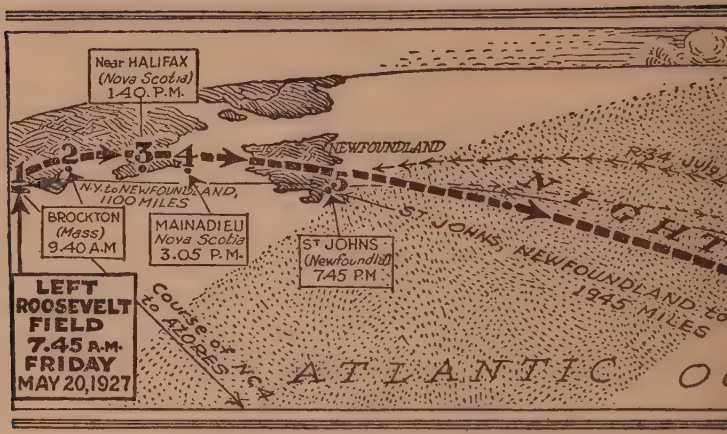
"Slim" was on his valiant way.

CHAPTER II

THE ATLANTIC FLIGHT

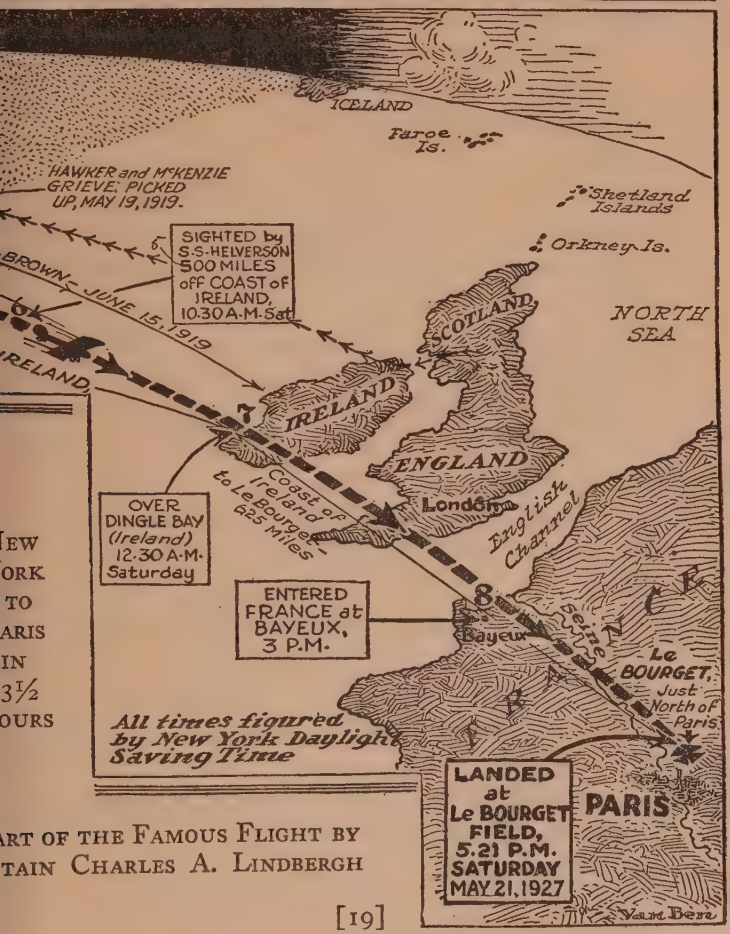
WHILE the feat of Captain Charles A. Lindbergh is imperishably enrolled in the chronicle of the daring ones of the human race, it will be a long, long day before millions on both sides of the Atlantic shall cease to remember, with something akin to the old thrill, the eagerness and anxiety with which they awaited news of the youth and his faithful plane after he had once soared into the air above Roosevelt Field.

It was at 7:52 o'clock on that Friday morning, May 20, 1927, that he took off. Those who watched the start from the field noted with much apprehension that he seemed so long in rising to safe cruising height. There was reasonable misgiving, because the "Spirit of St. Louis" was bearing the heaviest burden an engine of her horse power had ever before been called upon to bear.



In the minutes that followed after the plane disappeared from view, vague reports came that it had been seen here, there, several places. But the first authentic word of "Slim" and his ship came from East Greenwich, Rhode Island. They passed over that community at 9:05 o'clock. Thence the course lay over Middleboro, Massachusetts, and at 9:40 o'clock the news was flashed to the world that plane and pilot had been sighted at Halifax, Mass.

The latter was not a wholly encouraging report, because observers said that his plane seemed to be wabbling as if struggling with a


ICELAND
Faroe Is.
HAWKER and McKENZIE GRIEVE: PICKED UP, MAY 19, 1919.
Shetland Islands
Orkney Is.
SIGHTED by S.S. HELVERSON 500 MILES off COAST of IRELAND, 10.30 A.M. Sat.
BROWN - JUNE 15, 1919
SCOTLAND
NORTH SEA
IRELAND
IRELAND
ENGLAND
Coast of Ireland to Le Bourget 625 Miles
London
English Channel
OVER DINGLE BAY (Ireland) 12.30 A.M. Saturday
ENTERED FRANCE at BAYEUX, 3 P.M.
Bayeux
Seine
Le BOURGET, Just North of Paris
All times figured by New York Daylight Saving Time
LANDED at Le BOURGET FIELD, 5.21 P.M. SATURDAY MAY 21, 1927
PARIS
Van Bern

EW
ORK
TO
ARIS
IN
3½
OURS

ART OF THE FAMOUS FLIGHT BY
TAIN CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

great load. It was reported, also, that his elevation was not more than 150 feet, that he appeared to brush the treetops. To add to the seeming uncertainty of flight, watchers and listeners sent out word that his motor was missing.

This, as later information showed, was quite untrue, for never once did the engine miss in all the leagues to Paris. Engineers explained that with the type of motor driving the "Spirit of St. Louis," the gas explosion in one cylinder frequently muffled that occurring in the next and thus produced the reported irregularity of sound commonly associated with an engine running "sweetly."

After the word from Halifax, Mass., there was a prolonged interval of complete silence. Not a word of "Slim" and his ship. As a matter of fact he was roaring along the New England coast, having taken a seaward course at Scituate, Mass., for his first over-water flight on the 200-mile journey to the coast of Nova Scotia.

It was not until he soared over Meteghan, N. S., that the suspense was ended for a time at least. He passed over that city at 12:25 P.M.

During the journey from Massachusetts, "Slim" was out of sight of land for a distance of approximately 300 miles. His motor was throttled down to three-fourths of its capacity and purring like a contented gigantic cat.

Springfield, N. S., was the next community to get a glimpse of the plane. This was at 1:05 o'clock in the afternoon.

He was now speeding toward what every one feared was to be the worst region of his flight, the cold fog which wraps itself with such deadly arms about the Newfoundland regions.

Watchers were everywhere posted to seek out the plane in the sky and, at 1:50 o'clock, sharp eyes caught "Slim" over Milford, N. S., which is forty miles north of Halifax. Then came another interval until the good folk of Mulgrave sighted him at 3:05 o'clock, passing over that town and the Straits of Canso, winging toward Cape Breton.

At 5 o'clock, "Slim's" ship cleared Main-a-Dieu, the easternmost tip of Nova Scotia, at Cape Breton. Now there lay between him and Newfoundland a stretch of 200 miles of gray sea. But the weather was clear and "Slim" had driven his plane to a high altitude. The

number, 211, painted on her wings could be read with strong glasses.

Then came the last report of the dare-all youth for that day, Friday. It was word which was flashed from St. John's, Newfoundland, at 7:15 in the evening. He was passing there, headed out over the Atlantic.

The flight over St. John's had caused "Slim" to go a little out of his way, but he did this in order to be sure of the landmark. He flew low enough there to establish beyond any doubt just where he was, because St. John's was the last land he was to see until he reached the Irish coast. Once he dropped so low that he had to rise perceptibly to clear a hill-top.

When darkness came down upon the world within an hour after "Slim" left Newfoundland on the tail of his plane, fog and rain came with it. The fog was low and chillingly cold, but "Slim" was protected from the latter by the enclosed cockpit and his warm flying suit. Actually he suffered no inconvenience. He was speeding along at 100 miles an hour.

Had it not been for the storm, "Slim's" plane might have been discerned by the watches

on several ships, whose glow he saw far below him, but the rain and mist shut him from observation by them.

In the dreary wastes off Newfoundland "Slim" saw a number of icebergs and was conscious of added cold in the atmosphere. He swung away from them and as the storm persisted, he tried his best, by altering his course, and descending to so slight an altitude as ten feet above the water, to get away from the menace.

This failed, and in a little while he ran into heavy clouds. The peril in them, for they were filled with sleet, caused "Slim" to take the "Spirit of St. Louis" to an altitude of 10,000 feet. This height he maintained until early morning came.

But with the morning he was confronted with a condition that struck hard at his great courage. Sleet had begun to gather on the plane. What this spells in danger can be appreciated only by a pilot. It has been the death of more than one.

Just for a moment "Slim" Lindbergh asked himself, in a swift debate with the goddess Chance, whether he should keep on or turn

back. This moment was the crucial one in "Slim's" life. He was well on his flight, far from land, perilously far from aid of any kind. What to do?

And then, in a flash, he realized that to turn back would not only mean facing just as great danger, but would be the end of the adventure on which he had set his sturdy heart. No, he would not turn back. It was Paris—or nothing. So, on he went.

As he rushed ahead he realized that the storm was lessening, that sleet was no longer forming an ominous coating on his plane, and his heart lightened with the coming of the day. As the storm abated it was possible for him to seek a lower level and this he held. And all the time his motor was singing the same hopeful tune that thrummed in his own breast.

So, from 7:15 Friday night until 6:30 on Saturday morning the world awaited news of him. It came at the latter hour, a wireless dispatch which said that "Slim" and his plane were reported by a vessel as 200 miles off the coast of Ireland. Everybody wanted so much to believe that, but there was marked scepticism as to the veracity of it. Was there, per-

haps, some doubt still that "Slim" would win to Paris?

Now came succeeding flashes by cable and wireless, all hopeful, some seeming incontrovertible, some still arousing doubt in multitudes which were afraid to hope too much.

A radio message reached Cape Race, Newfoundland, from a Dutch ship at 8:10 o'clock Saturday morning that "Slim" and his plane were 500 miles off the Irish coast. On the heels of this came, at 9:50 a dispatch from London that the plane had been sighted 100 miles off Ireland. Whether this was "Slim" or not, it was at least a plane, and that was something.

The suspense which held two continents was relieved measurably at 10 o'clock when the Radio Corporation reported that its Paris office announced the "Spirit of St. Louis" to be then over Valencia, Ireland.

This was almost instantly confirmed by word from Halifax, N. S., that Lindbergh had passed over Valencia.

It was realized by countless watchers that many planes are constantly flying over land, and that one or another might be mistaken for

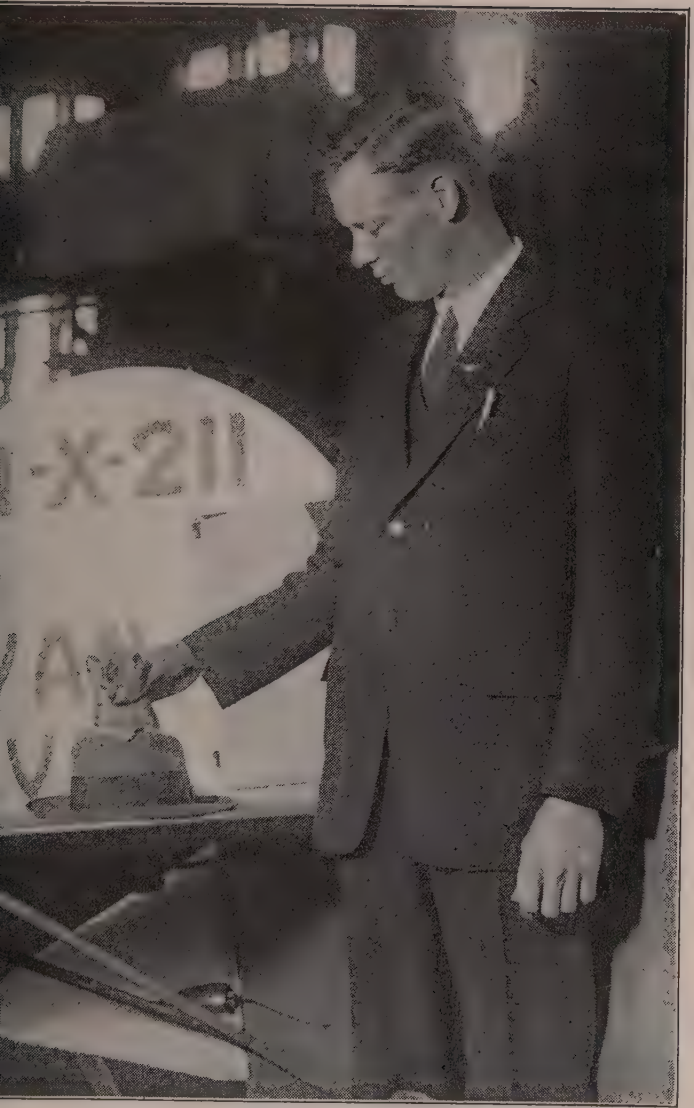
"Slim's" ship, also that the wish to report him safe might well be father to the deed.

But it was "Slim" over Ireland, in very truth. He had not been quite certain as he roared onward that Ireland lay directly ahead of him, and such uncertainty, as he stated after his safe arrival in Paris, caused him to make, veritably, the most unexpected and amusing inquiry ever put to a mariner.

"Slim" had sighted a fleet of fishing craft offshore. If he did not know precisely where he was, they would know where they were. So he decided to ask his way, somewhat as one would request a direction from a traffic policeman. To do this, he had to dive down almost upon one of the boats, on which he saw several men. As he came abreast of them he opened his side window and asked:

"Ahoy there! Am I headed for Ireland?"

"Slim" said afterward that not a man on the boat replied. Their eyes were wide open, as were their mouths, but no sound came forth. Perhaps the roar of the plane's motor drowned "Slim's" voice; perhaps they may have given him some answer, but, at any rate, "Slim" obtained no sailing directions from them.



Captain Lindbergh and Patsy the Kitten

The Lindbergh Home in Detroit

Wherefore, all he could do was rise again and wing on as he had been going, and trust to a sense of direction which had never greatly failed him.

Thus, while messages were flashing about the world that he had reached Ireland, "Slim" had already picked up a stretch of rocky shore ahead, and realized, from what he had dug out of maps in preparation for the flight, that what he saw was truly Ireland, and almost his goal. He made sure by flying low, then rose again, and soon was swiftly on his way.

One fact stands out sharply in "Slim's" flight, and that is the accuracy with which he "hit" the Irish coast. He had always intended making for it rather than for Spain or even the southwestern part of France. He does not lay this to his sense of direction, because he had many hours of flying in the dark over the Atlantic, but rather to his earth inductor compass.

The basic principle of this device is the relation of the magnetic field of the earth to the magnetic field which is generated in the plane itself. Its needle is set at zero for a desired course and when there is any deflection from

this course, for any reason whatsoever, the needle swings in the direction of such an error. Correction is made by piloting the plane so that the needle is swung to the other side of zero for approximately the same time as that of the error. Thus the plane is brought back to its intended course.

Daylight and earth visibility relieved "Slim" of much of his problem of getting to Paris, especially as he had good maps of the terrain to be picked up. When he reached Ireland and then England, he flew at a low enough altitude to disclose the identity of his plane. Twilight is long in falling in that latitude in summer, and this was another aid to him. But it seemed to him that, for all his low flying, and his rather obvious attempt to let his safety be known, no one gave much heed to him. He did not realize that wireless, cable and telegraph keys were clicking off his progress almost to the exclusion of everything else.

Irish observers were indeed alert in reporting the position of his famous plane. Belfast sent word at 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon (and these and all other time figures given here are New York daylight-saving time), that

"Slim" was over the otherwise somnolescent community of Dingle. Then the Government wireless station at Valencia flashed out the news at 2:06 o'clock that the collier *Nogi* had also sighted the plane at Dingle. It was evidently a great day for Dingle.

Cork's Civic Guard next had its turn at the news and announced that Lindbergh was passing over Smerwick Harbor at 2:18. And that was the last message from Ireland, for at 3:24 the French Cable Company electrified millions by the announcement, according to official advices, that the plane was then over Bayeux, France. The French time was then 8:24 o'clock at night.

Six minutes later, the "Spirit of St. Louis" was sighted over Cherbourg, and Paris was at hand.

"Slim" had risen from his low flight over England in order to clear the Channel gusts. But as he passed to the westward of Cherbourg he again descended and headed for the silver ribbon of the Seine. He soon picked it out and followed it, to his undying renown.

Paris knew of his coming and a crowd of more than 100,000 had gathered at Le Bour-

get, the famous flying field just outside the capital. There rockets and flares were set off and "Slim" sighted them when he was still fifty or sixty miles from Paris.

Only one error marked "Slim's" course. He thought Le Bourget was northeast instead of east of the French capital. When he saw a field all alight he thought it was quite another place than Le Bourget, so he flew back over Paris, looking for his predetermined landing place. As he found none there to the northwest, he doubled again and made for the field where he had first seen the beacons and floodlights.

This must be the place, he thought, though he could see no crowd and nothing that looked like a hangar. But he did make out the lights of a great concourse of automobiles, and as there was no other explanation of them than that they were waiting for some one, "Slim" wheeled and brought the "Spirit of St. Louis" to earth.

It was 8:21 o'clock at night, according to Paris time, or 5:21 o'clock in the afternoon in New York.

And in that instant was terminated the great-

est air voyage yet made by any one man. A youth of twenty-five had flown for the first time, without a stop, from New York to Paris, a distance of 3,640 miles. He had done it in thirty-three and one-half hours.

CHAPTER III

FRANCE IN THIRTY-THREE AND A HALF HOURS

"I'M Charles Lindbergh."

It was just like "Slim" Lindbergh to say that as he brought his staunch plane "Spirit of St. Louis" to a standstill on the flare-lighted field of Le Bourget after his world capturing flight from New York to Paris in 33½ hours.

And when later some one asked him if this is what he had said and why, because there had been so many other statements accredited to him on that eventful night, he replied:

"Yes, that's what I said because I was afraid they might think I was somebody else."

That homely sentence and his naïve statement to Ambassador Herrick that as he didn't know anybody in Paris he had brought along some letters of introduction, are utterly characteristic of this unaffected American youth. He is as simple as a pipe stem—and almost as

slender—and yet he has been a picturesque figure during most of his twenty-five years.

There can be little doubt that the inner simplicity of Charlie Lindbergh shining through to his outward bearing has caught the imagination of the world in only a little less degree than his superb achievement. Nor can it be gainsaid that he has been much less at his ease with the clamor of Paris ringing in his ears than when he was compelled to spring from a plane whose engine had stalled at 13,000 feet and trust himself to a parachute. And what he felt when President Doumergue of France kissed him on both cheeks with the presentation of the Cross of the Legion of Honor can only be imagined.

Until a few days ago "Slim" was comparatively obscure. To be sure, he had done a great deal of flying, made a great record for himself, but it was a localized record, chronicled officially in army and air mail archives and in the memory of his friends. But only a few people knew him. The nation as a whole did not know him and his eventful career. He was a good pilot, he was a fine fellow, but modest to the point of ruddy

embarrassment over anything that thrust him into the foreground. That's what his friends and acquaintances thought of him, and "Slim" was quite willing to let it go at that.

So little was he generally known, for all his air skill, that little attention had been paid to him until his arrival at Curtiss Field that afternoon seven days and a few hours before setting out to win to Paris. It never occurred to him, the sensation he would cause.

But with his coming all eyes turned upon him, because he had made, in the flight from San Diego to St. Louis, the longest hop ever achieved by a single pilot in this country. And, furthermore, he had come in a "blind" plane, one which did not permit the pilot a vision ahead save through a periscope. There had never before been a "blind" plane, and the other aviators at the field, including Commander Byrd, Bert Acosta, Lloyd Bertaud, Clarence Chamberlin, Casey Jones and such designers as Anthony Fokker and Giuseppe Bellanca, were not only amazed that a man would dare to set out in a machine like that or contemplate an oversea flight in it, but were also astonished that he could have come from

the Pacific Coast with only one stop in 21 hours and 40 minutes of actual flying.

"Slim," however, knew nothing of what the others felt, and they certainly would not tell him of it. When newspaper men asked him about the "blindness" of his plane he smiled and replied: "I don't need to see ahead. There's nothing there but air, nothing to run into. I can see by the periscope if I want to and get all the view abeam I wish out of my windows. I can sideslip to make a landing." And that was that.

Then came the eventful morning, Friday, May 20, 1927, at 7:51 o'clock. A dash along the runway at Roosevelt Field, the take-off which came so perilously near to disaster and a few breathless moments afterward the Spirit of St. Louis soaring, soaring—on its way to Paris and the huzzas of the world!

And now, what of this youth? What of his boyhood and the events of it, of his hopes and aims, his beginnings in the air, the years which led from his birth to the place to which he has flown so far and so high?

In the first place he is a lanky, six-foot blond Viking type, so boyish in appearance, so dif-

fident at all times that it sounds strange to hear him called "Captain," even though he does rate the title. It seems incredible, too, that he should be so skilled an air pilot, for he looks much less than his twenty-five years.

But he was born in Detroit, Mich., on Feb. 2, 1902. His father, the late Charles A. Lindbergh, who died May 24, 1924, while a candidate for Governor of Minnesota on the Farmer-Labor ticket, had been a Representative in Congress from that State. The elder Lindbergh had been born in Sweden, but had come to this country with his parents at the age of three. The boy's mother is of Irish descent, but she says that he takes some of his possibly more deep-seated instincts from his Scandinavian father.

The Lindbergh family home was established in Little Falls, Minn., in 1886, and there "Slim" gained the rudiments of his education. First he went to public school and then to Little Falls High School, from which he was graduated in 1918, when he was sixteen years of age. He was an indifferent pupil, according to his mother, not studying very hard in those things which did not interest him. Mathe-

matics he liked, but had little interest in English and grammar. But he did have one especial flair, and that was for mechanics. He was always tinkering with this or that, seeking what made things "go," and if they couldn't be made to "go" better.

This flair caused him eventually to matriculate at the University of Wisconsin in 1921 and there he began to work his way through a course in mechanical engineering. Though "Slim" is far from being of the unsociable sort —his friendly smile and his kindliness of manner are proof of this—he made little effort to seek out friendships at the university. He had a few friends and some acquaintances, yes, but he mingled little in the social life of the institution. His whole interest was in engineering.

Those who were with him in the university say that he had an uncommon interest in experimentation, doing more of it than was really required for his engineering course. But the termination of an experiment was also the termination of his interest in that particular thing, and he rarely turned in a report of what he had done.

As for experimentation, his mother tells of

one of the first that came under her observation. It was when "Slim" was only a child. The family lived upstairs in a four-family house and the family living below possessed a much petted Angora cat. "Slim" liked the cat —he has always been devoted to animals—but he was also a devoted experimenter.

One day when Mrs. Lindbergh arrived home the small daughter of the cat-owning family complained to her that Charlie had been hurting the Angora. This didn't sound a bit like Charlie, so his mother at once took him to task about it.

"No, mother, I didn't hurt the cat one bit," the youngster replied. He looked up at her as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Mrs. Lindbergh persisted in her questioning and little "Slim" "fessed up."

"I really didn't hurt the cat, mother," he said. "You see, somebody said if you ever dropped a cat, and it didn't matter how far, it always fell on its feet. I accidently pushed this one off the porch, and when I looked down to see whether it would land like that, it really did, right on its feet."

One of "Slim's" closest friends while he was

at the university was Delos Dudley, a son of Professor and Mrs. W. H. Dudley of Madison, and it was under the back porch of the Dudley home, at No. 1909 Regent Street, that "Slim" built a contrivance whose shadow may be said to have lengthened through the years until it fell upon the sleek, silvery body of the "Spirit of St. Louis," which bore him to an unparalleled eminence.

It was an ice boat, run by a motorcycle engine, geared to an airplane propeller. In it "Slim" sailed over the frozen surface of Lake Mendota in 1921. It was wrecked in a collision with a real ice boat, but "Slim" patched it up again and, undaunted as always, drove it again and again on the lake.

CHAPTER IV

HIS EARLY YEARS

An impressive thing about Captain Lindbergh's flight to Paris is what everybody believes must have been his feeling of utter lonesomeness in his faring over the wastes of the windy Atlantic, empty of everything save himself and his roaring plane.

Yet there is every reason to doubt whether he ever sensed that. For, from his earliest boyhood it was recognized that he much preferred to be by himself. When he lived on the family farm at Little Falls, Minn., he would spend entire days alone in the woods—alone, that is, with his dog. He fashioned a boat for himself, launched it on one of the woodland lakes and used to go for long, adventurous cruises, with himself for Captain and his dog for crew.

And in after years, when planes became his

pets, he flew for hours on end, all alone, and gloried in it. So, perhaps, once well aloft in the "Spirit of St. Louis," his hands and feet steadily upon the responsive controls, his face, like a devout pilgrim's, turned to the East, winging toward the beckoning of a great adventure, there was never a thought of lonesomeness in his breast—only the high heart of youth and a great courage.

But he comes of his courage by inheritance. His paternal grandfather, a doughty old Swede, who had been at one time Speaker of a branch of the Swedish Parliament and secretary awhile to the King, had settled in Minnesota, about ten miles from Sauk Center. There he built a log cabin on a preëmption of land. One day, unloading some logs at a sawmill, he fell into the saw. It all save severed his right arm.

There was no surgeon within fifty miles, but the Rev. C. S. Harrison of York, Neb., then a resident of Sauk Center and preaching there, went to Lindbergh's cabin and cared for him as well as was possible. Three days were required for the surgeon to arrive, but the sturdy Swede held fast, bit the bullet and let

the surgeon take off his arm without a whimper. That was in the summer. When winter came, the preacher found Lindbergh in the woods chopping rails with his left hand.

Then, too, there was "Slim's" father, whom the boy worshiped. Once he had to undergo a serious abdominal operation. He went through it without an anesthetic. Indeed, he is reported to have devoted the period of the ordeal to talking about the Federal Reserve system with a friend who sat at his side.

"Slim" spent much time with his father, and a very deep friendship, something more than the usual relation of father and son, grew between them. They were farmer folk, these Lindberghs, and it may have been in recognition of this, with a remembrance, too, of the indissoluble bond between father and son, that caused the former to ask that when he should die the son of so many of his living hours should be the one to dispose of his ashes.

The elder Lindbergh died in 1924. By that time the son had begun to make something of a name for himself as an air pilot, and as such he carried out his father's wish. He bore his ashes aloft in his plane and scattered them over

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Air Mail Letter Carried by Capt. Lindbergh
First Flight St. Louis to Chicago

Capt. Lindbergh Bidding Commander Byrd and Clarence Chamberlin Good-Bye Just Before the Start

the family homestead at Little Falls and over the lands which had yielded such fertile beginnings.

While "Slim" was a pupil in the University of Wisconsin, devoting himself impartially to books and experimentation in mechanical engineering, his mind was ever upon flying. The sight of men roaring through the air in man-made contrivances went deeper into his imagination than any one believed. He understood motors and had diverted himself with his ice boat equipped with a motorcycle engine and a plane propeller, and the thing had gripped him.

It was in 1921 that he left the university, determined to become an air pilot. He was then nineteen years old and already "Slim" to the few he admitted to friendship. There was a flying school in Lincoln, Neb., and thither the youngster went. He arrived there with something still of the rustic about him, and applied for tuition. The instructors looked at the gangling youth, smiled, perhaps, and went at the task of teaching him.

What "Slim" Lindbergh did was to give them the surprise of their lives. They had

quite overlooked something in the face of the youth, in the level eyes, in the determined chin, but they found it in his uncanny aptitude with planes, in the instinctive touch he established with any of the instruction "busses." He had "air sense," "Slim" had.

But before his instructors would permit him to fly "solo," which, obviously, means alone, they told him he must put up a $500 bond. That sounded like nonsense to "Slim," because he felt that he could fly "solo" without any bond. So he left the school—and from that moment was "on his own."

He had been taught the rudiments of flying, but his unusual sixth sense doubled the value of what he had learned. Parachute jumping had been part of the curriculum, yet little did "Slim" realize then in what good stead his experience and his coolness at it were to stand him in the years to come.

Real flying was now what he was determined to undertake, because nothing else so engrossed him, so caught his imagination. Furthermore he had unbounded confidence in himself. He just knew that he was cut out to be an air pilot.

So the summer of 1922 found him in the Far West doing stunt flying and parachute jumping in whatever plane could be furnished him. He was in Billings, Mont., that summer, flying and leaping to earth to advertise the garage of one Robert Westover. And it must be said that "Slim" was "traveling light" in those days. Westover declared that everything "Slim" owned he carried in the capacious pockets of his flying suit. Nor did the pockets have to be so roomy, for Westover said they held little more than a handkerchief and a toothbrush. "Slim" didn't have even a valise. The clothes in which he stood, his helmet and his goggles were his entire kit.

Those were the days in which he perfected himself in his control of planes. He flew any design that was offered to him and became known in the West for the daring of his "stunts." He did the "falling leaf," the "Immelmann turn," "barrels," "spinning nose dives," "rolls," 'loops" and "cart wheels," everything which could thrill an audience. And, dearer far to the pilot, he made perfect landings.

This was "Slim's" apprenticeship "in the

sticks," before he was much more than a "barnstorming" youth, but pledged to his appointed task. He profited by it to the fullest degree, both in experience and in whatever of pecuniary things it afforded him. He saved what he earned, he neither drank nor smoked, he kept to himself.

As time proved, he was saving all he could, with one object: to buy a plane of his own, something on which he could expend an even greater affection than that he had given to the boat in the woods, the ice boat or even the dog of his boyhood.

That day came to him when there was an army salvage sale at Americus, Ga., in March, 1923. The army was disposing of what it did not need, of what it could not use. It may not have been a very tempting array of equipment, but "Slim" found in it a training plane that appealed to him. He looked over the "bus" carefully, inspected the motor, the controls and all the rest of it, and then and there bought it. Whatever it was, it was his.

It was a Curtiss "Jenny," and after "Slim" had tinkered with it to his heart's content, he started off barnstorming again. He flew from

county fair to county fair, doing "stunts" for the countryside and taking the venturesome ones aloft. And thus he made his livelihood.

While he was thus winging his way about, an eaglet then, he dropped in at Selfridge Field, at Mount Clemens, Mich., and Brook Field, San Antonio, Tex. There he came across planes of new design and efficiency, refined descendants of those to which he had been accustomed, and they instantly interested him. He spent every moment he could spare in studying them. They were further spurs to his imagination. Those were the planes he wanted to fly.

The eaglet craved to be an eagle and fly into the sun.

CHAPTER V

VARIED FLYING ENGAGEMENTS

ALTHOUGH in his winged farings about the country, especially at the army flying fields, "Slim" Lindbergh was frequently encountering planes of improved design and high efficiency in speed and airworthiness, he had to be content for a time at least with the Curtiss "Jenny" he had bought at the army salvage sale in Americus, Ga. It was not what he wanted, after seeing those other finer and more efficient planes, but he had purchased it with his savings and, furthermore, it had borne him safely through many leagues of air and provided him with a livelihood.

The months went by and "Slim" kept on his way, doing "stunt" flying at county fairs, making parachute jumps and, above all, greatly increasing his knowledge of the air. He was known for his daring, for his willingness to go

aloft even when there was obvious danger in the upper levels so that an audience might not be disappointed. He was not willing to admit to any one or to himself that there was anything he would not do, or that he could not make his plane do.

One day "Slim" read the announcement of International Air Races to be held at St. Louis, beginning Oct. 3, 1923. By this time he had flown his "Jenny" for seven months and come to know her like a book. His flying experience had extended over nearly two years. Why not enter the races? he asked himself.

His answer was given when, on the opening day of the international meet, the "Jenny," service-worn, patched, paintless, a rather shabby old bird soared over Lambert-St. Louis Field and came to so easy and graceful a landing that even the veterans noted it.

Out of its cockpit climbed a gangling youth in grease-stained flying clothes—Charles A. Lindbergh. In all likelihood there was not a person on the field who had ever heard of him. When he gave his name he was probably asked to repeat it, even spell it. One who saw him that day thus describes him:

"He was a shy, retiring youth with the look of the rustic about him that he has lost only in the past few months. His helmet seemed to set too high on his head, his overalls were too short and his coat appeared designed not to reach his waistline.

"But beneath his boyish awkwardness there was a magnificent frame clothed with lean muscles and driven by a will that knew no fatigue. His eyes were clear china-blue and his ruddy cheeks bespoke much life out-of-doors."

During that meet, "Slim" gave many exhibitions of his courage in the air, amazing seasoned pilots with his stunts in what seemed to them a plane that might come apart any minute if the basting threads pulled out.

In the course of the program "Slim" took up Harlan Gurney, who is now a pilot for the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, for a parachute jump. When Gurney landed he broke his arm. Immediately "Slim" sold the "Jenny," never flew it again, and remained all that winter in St. Louis, awaiting Gurney's recovery.

But this was only a brief interval in "Slim's" air activities. Nothing would do but that he

must get back into a "bus." He had no plane now, and, at any rate, he had quite exhausted the possibilities of his old "Jenny." He wanted bigger, newer craft, and wider experience, a real "college education" in flying.

He knew that the place to get it was in the army, so on March 15, 1924, he enrolled as a cadet in the army's primary training school at Brook Field, San Antonio.

In order to get to Brook Field in what he believed to be the proper, fitting way, "Slim" had bought a plane that seemed to be on its last wings. It was a poor relation of the "Jenny." When "Slim" came to earth he disentangled himself from the cockpit and strolled away, leaving the plane on the field in its unprepossessing loneliness.

One of the training officers came out of a hangar just at that instant and caught sight of the tatterdemalion airplane on the field. Half the fabric was off the lower wing and he stared at it in amazement.

"Here," he called to several mechanics standing near by, "get that thing off the field before somebody tries to fly it and kills himself. Take it away and junk it."

"Slim" heard, smiled in that attractive way of his and strode over to the ragged plane. Without a word he clambered into the cockpit, took off and in a moment was in the air. When he had shown that a few missing feet of wing-covering amounted to nothing if the plane was a friend of his, he came down.

Such was "Slim's" entrance into the army, and in the year he was under tuition by the experts of the service, he became the ace of his class, because he was a bird among fledglings. Even when he told his instructors that he had been flying nearly three years, they were astounded at his skill. As soon as he had finished such of the air course as was provided at Brook Field, "Slim" was ordered to the pursuit school at Kelly Field, also in Texas. There he realized his most treasured wish, to fly the newest, fastest and highest-powered planes in the army's equipment.

It was while "Slim" was at Kelly Field that he received an air baptism which actually saved his life. Incidentally it made him eligible for membership in the "Caterpillar Club," probably one of the most exclusive organizations in the United States. How does one become a

member? By surviving a forced emergency leap from a plane in flight by means of a parachute.

"Slim" was graduated from Kelly Field on March 15, 1925, and had his picture taken in the uniform of a reserve Second Lieutenant in the Air Corps, but just nine days before that he became a "Caterpillar."

On March 6 he went up to fly as part of a formation in combat maneuvers over the field. The height was 5,000 feet. The student problem was for "Slim" in his plane, and Lieut. C. D. McCallister in his, to attack a larger plane, designated as the enemy.

Both pilots dove for the "enemy" with every ounce of power they had and "Slim" and McCallister collided in mid-air.

This has spelled death to more than one aviator, but by a miracle, both "Slim" and McCallister survived it. What happened that eventful day is certainly best described by quoting "Slim's" own report to the "Caterpillars." All his brother flyers recognize in it the cool, rapid-thinking brain of "Slim" Lindbergh.

This is "Slim's" own story to the officials of what occurred:

"A nine-ship SE-5 formation, commanded by Lieut. Blackburn, was attacking a De Haviland 4-B, flown by Lieut. Russell Maughan (dawn to dusk pilot) at about 5,000-foot altitude and several hundred feet above the clouds. I was flying on the left of the top unit, Lieut. McCallister on my right and Cadet Love leading. When we nosed down on the DH, I attacked from the left and Lieut. McCallister from the right. After Cadet Love pulled up I continued to dive on the DH for a short time before pulling up to the left. I saw no other ship nearby.

"I passed above the DH and a moment later felt a slight jolt, followed by a crash. My head was thrown forward against the cowling and my plane seemed to turn around and hang nearly motionless for an instant. I closed the throttle and saw an SE-5 with Lieut. McCallister in the cockpit a few feet away on my left. He was apparently unhurt and getting ready to jump.

"Our ships were locked together with the fuselages approximately parallel. My right wing was damaged and was folded back slightly, covering the forward right-hand

corner of the cockpit. Then the ships started to mill around and the wires began whistling. The right wing commenced vibrating and striking my head at the bottom of each oscillation. I removed the rubber band safetying the belt, unbuckled it, climbed out past the trailing edge of the damaged wing, and with my feet on the cowling on the right side of the cockpit, which was then in a nearly vertical position, I jumped backward as far from the ship as possible.

"I had no difficulty in locating the pull-ring and experienced no sensation of falling. The wreckage was falling nearly straight down and for some time I fell in line with its path. Fearing the wreckage might fall on me, I did not pull the rip-cord until I had dropped several hundred feet and into the clouds.

"During this time I had turned one-half revolution and was falling flat and face downward. The parachute functioned perfectly; almost as soon as I pulled the rip-cord the risers jerked on my shoulders, the leg straps tightened, my head went down and the chute was fully opened.

"I saw Lieut. McCallister floating above me and the wrecked ships pass about 100 yards to

one side, continuing to spin to the right and leaving a trail of lighter fragments along their path. I watched them until, still locked together, they crashed in the mesquite about 2,000 feet below and burst into flames several seconds after impact.

"Next I turned my attention to locating a landing place. I was over mesquite and drifting in the general direction of a ploughed field, which I reached by slipping the chute. Shortly before striking the ground, I was drifting backward, but was able to swing around in the harness just as I landed on the side of a ditch less than 100 feet from the edge of the mesquite.

"Although the impact of the landing was too great for me to remain standing, I was not injured in any way. The parachute was still held open by the wind and did not collapse until I pulled in one group of the shroud lines.

"During my descent I lost my goggles, a vest-pocket camera, which fitted tightly in my hip pocket, and the rip-cord of the parachute."

CHAPTER VI

JOINING THE CATERPILLAR CLUB

HOWEVER many orders were pinned upon "Slim" Lindbergh's breast during his triumphal progress about Europe, however, he may be honored by great chiefs of state and their eager people, he bears one distinction which has, as yet, come to no other living man.

It carries with it no ribboned trinket, no formal citation, no pomp of parade. It brings heartbeats, but no drumbeats. It is four-time membership in the "Caterpillar Club," and can be conferred only by that watchful, wayward goddess, Chance. It means that "Slim" Lindbergh has four times saved his life by leaping with a parachute from a plane in flight.

The name of this club is derived from the courageous peculiarity of certain caterpillars in dropping from trees or other elevations upon a fine-spun thread of gossamer. It was founded

in the United States Army Air Service on Oct. 20, 1922, by Lieut. H. R. Harris, who, on that day, made the first forced jump in the Air Service in which a chute saved a life. It was after his leap, imperative when one of his wings dropped off at a height of 2,500 feet, that the general order, still effective, was issued, "All pilots must wear parachutes on all flights."

In an earlier chapter, "Slim's" first leap was recounted. It happened on March 6, 1925, just nine days before he was graduated from the army's advanced flying school at Kelly Field, Tex., as a Reserve Second Lieutenant in the Air Corps.

The second leap occurred at Bridgeton Field in St. Louis County, just beyond the city of that name, on June 2, 1926.

"Slim" gave up all thought of army flying after his graduation, though he had himself photographed in his Lieutenant's uniform and, leaving Kelly Field, fared back to St. Louis. There, a while, he flew whatever planes he could get, doing stunts, adding at every opportunity to his experience in the air. When he had put himself through another self-imposed course in aeronautics he obtained a Standard

CROWDS AT TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK, WAITING FOR BULLETIN ANNOUNCING ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN LINDBERGH AT PARIS, FRANCE

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B. F. Mahoney C. L. Lawrence Capt. C. A. Lindbergh

plane and went barnstorming again in the West. This was another round of exhibition flights at county fairs.

Upon his return to St. Louis he joined the Missouri National Guard, 35th Division Air Corps, and by December, 1925, was promoted to a Captaincy in the Reserve and Flight Commander of the 110th Observation Squadron. This accounts for his title of Capt. Charles A. Lindbergh, which is so belied by his boyish mien. In fact, he was a Captain at twenty-three!

It was at this time that "Slim" began to take things a bit more seriously, that is, if any one of such youthful exuberance of temperament could be said to do so, and in October, 1925, he went to Lambert-St. Louis Field to work for the Robertson Aircraft Corporation. His skill in the air was acknowledged, but he will ever be remembered by his associates in the organization by his daring riding of a motorcycle. He flashed about the neighborhood like a roaring comet, and that his neck is still functioning, is held to be due only to the leniency of that same goddess, Chance.

During this period there was contemplated

the establishment of an air mail route between St. Louis and Chicago. The Robertson organization desired to bid for the contract, so "Slim," with Philip R. Love, who had been a classmate at Kelly Field, and Jack Worthington, now Lieutenant and Airway Extension Superintendent at Hadley Air Field, near New Brunswick, N. J., were told off to "look over the ground" and report.

Their report was the one on which the air route was established. It was the one over which "Slim" Lindbergh flew as the first air pilot to carry mail between these two cities.

His experiences as a pilot on this run, will be chronicled later, but this time brings one to the second parachute jump. It was perhaps the most hazardous of all the four.

There was an aeronautical engineer of the name Ben Belle, who had constructed a small "bus" which he expected to place on the market for commercial purposes if it survived the tests to be imposed on it. "Slim" volunteered to make these tests in the air. His determination was to subject it to whatever stresses it would be compelled to withstand in service. It was, as "Slim" intended it, a "stunt" flight, some-

thing to disclose any weaknesses in the structural design of the plane.

The first day that "Slim" flew the new plane was without incident. He was merely seeking to establish a "friendship" with the "bus." This accomplished, "Slim" determined that he would put the machine through all its possible paces. In other words, he would "stunt" it.

"Slim" took the plane up the next day—June 2, 1926—and proceeded to do with it everything which he thought a plane should be able to do—a pilot able to do. He carried it through loops and spins and dives and the like, and then, when he had zoomed it to an altitude of 2,500 feet, he let it drop into a tail-spin.

He was sure that he could get it out of this, but when he tried the controls the "bus" failed to respond. Something jammed somewhere. "Slim" tugged at them, he summoned to his aid all he had learned of flying, seeking to turn the plane's nose into a dive and save himself and the "bus." But nothing availed.

The plane dropped down earthward, "Slim" doing his utmost. And there was no response.

He dropped out of control and when he came down to within 300 feet of the earth he

felt it was time to do something for himself as he had done all he could for the plane. It was impossible to get it out of the dangerous tail-spin. Now it was for him to get himself out of his difficulty.

By the time he had decided to do this the plane was still further earthward, so all that remain for him was to desert it and trust to his parachute. But he was within dangerous distance from the earth. Parachute jumpers are much more pleased with high altitudes, for these give the chute a chance to open properly.

"Slim," however, decided, in one of those quick instants of decision for which he is noted, to trust to the opening of the chute, even at so slight an altitude. So he went over the side and jerked the rip-cord of his parachute as soon as he fell clear of the plane.

Fortunately the parachute opened just below the plane. "Slim" swung, pendulum-wise, back and forth, watching the "bus" crash. It dropped into a roadway and was demolished. "Slim" had far better luck. He alighted in a back yard on his back.

Mechanics from the field hastened to his aid, because they do not see how a man could expect

to survive a parachute drop of less than three hundred feet.

When they reached him "Slim" was on his feet, looking around. Blood was flowing from his mouth and nose, because he had hit the ground with no uncertain force. Also, the wind had been knocked out of him, and he was just beginning to breathe anything like normally.

The parachute harness was still strapped to him and as the mechanics loosened it he smiled with the now famous Lindbergh smile and said:

"That was a little close, wasn't it?" And then: "I just couldn't get it out of the tail-spin. There must be something wrong with it. Defective design somewhere."

When the doctors looked over "Slim" at the flying field it was found that he had a badly wrenched shoulder, but he paid as little heed to it as a man can, and within two hours he was in the cockpit of another plane, flying with the same nonchalance, same disregard for the laws of gravitation as he had always had.

This was "Slim's" second unintentional application for membership in the "Caterpillar

Club." He didn't know it, but he was decreed by Fate to make two other applications.

The third leap from a winging plane was the most thrilling of all, because it came nearest of all to ending him and his activities. He was flying a mail plane at the time, and—but as his record reads like the most carefully planned, almost impossible romance, there is surely cause enough to say just here, in the words of the veriest of old-time thrillers: "Continued in our next."

CHAPTER VII

MORE HAIRRAISING ESCAPES

THE third time that "Slim" Lindbergh was permitted by fate to save his life with a parachute was while he was on one of his flights as an air mail pilot. He was then in the service of the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, which was headed by Major William Robertson, former army air pilot, and one of "Slim's" closest friends and patrons.

It happened on Sept. 16, 1926, and if the goddess Chance had not been alertly watching the youth, "Slim" Lindbergh would never have made the New York-Paris flight.

"Slim" was on the St. Louis-Chicago route, the one which, in fact, he inaugurated and on which he made so enviable a reputation for speed and skill. The flight course lay from Lambert-St. Louis Field to Maywood, Chicago's air mail port.

That day "Slim" took off from the St. Louis port at 4:25 o'clock in the afternoon. He went first to Springfield, which he reached at 5:10, and thence to Peoria, arriving there forty-five minutes later. All this was uneventful enough, steady, easy flying, almost monotonous.

Then came the departure from Peoria Field at 6:10 o'clock. A light haze hung over the ground, but the sky was clear with a high "ceiling" of scattered cumulous clouds. "Slim" got off in his accustomed good shape and ran into the darkness about twenty-five miles northeast of Peoria.

It was necessary now for the pilot to take up a compass course, checking it by the lights of the communities over which he flew. But this was soon made impossible by a fog which rolled in under the "bus" when "Slim" was a short distance northeast of Marseilles and the Illinois River.

"The fog," "Slim" wrote in his report, "extended from the ground up to about 600 feet, and as I was unable to fly under it, I turned back and attempted to drop a flare and land. The flare did not function and I again

headed for Maywood, hoping to find a break in the fog over the field there.

"I continued on a compass course of 50 degrees until 7:15, when I saw a dull glow on the top of the fog. This indicated a town below. There were several of these light patches on the fog, visible only when looking away from the moon, and I knew them to be towns bordering Maywood."

However, "Slim" was unable to locate the exact position of the Maywood field, although he learned later that mechanics there had heard the roar of his motor and not only turned three powerful lights on the sky, but burned two barrels of gasoline in an effort to attract his attention. But the fog was too dense to make the signals avail.

"Several times," "Slim's" report went on, "I descended to the top of the fog, which was 800 to 900 feet high, according to my altimeter. The sky above was clear, with the exception of scattered clouds, and the moon and stars were brightly shining.

"After circling around for thirty-five minutes I headed west to be sure of clearing Lake Michigan and in an attempt to pick up one of

the lights on the trans-continental air course.

"Flying westward for fifteen minutes and seeing no break I turned to the southwest, hoping to strike the edge of the fog south of the Illinois River. My engine quit at 8:28 o'clock and I cut in the reserve. At that time I was up only 1,500 feet and, as the engine did not pick up as soon as I expected, I shoved the flashlight in my belt and was about to release the parachute flare and jump, when the engine finally took hold again. A second trial showed the main tank to be dry and, accordingly, a maximum of twenty minutes' flying time left.

"There was not an opening anywhere in the fog and I decided to leave the ship as soon as the reserve tank was exhausted. I tried to get the mail pit open, with the idea of throwing out the mail sacks and then jumping, but I was unable to open the front buckle. I knew that, with no gasoline in the tanks, the risk of fire was very slight, so I began to climb for altitude. Then, suddenly, I saw a light on the ground for several seconds.

"This was the first light I had seen for nearly two hours, and as almost enough gasoline for fifteen minutes' flying remained in the reserve,

I glided down to 1,200 feet and pulled out the flare release cable as nearly as I could judge over the spot where the light had appeared. This time the flare functioned, but it served only to illuminate the top of a solid bank of fog, into which it soon disappeared, without showing any trace of the ground."

It is clearly to be seen that "Slim" Lindbergh kept his wits, all of them, about him when he knew he was in sore straits in a fog in a dying plane, and with only the haziest idea of where he and the "bus" were. But, to go on with the report:

"Seven minutes of gasoline remained in the gravity tank. Seeing the glow of a town through the fog I turned toward the open country and nosed the plane up.

"At 5,000 feet the engine sputtered and died. I stepped out on the cowling and out over the right side of the cockpit, pulling the rip-cord after a hundred-foot fall.

"The parachute, an Irving seat service type, functioned perfectly. I was falling head downward when the risers jerked me into an upright position, and the chute opened. This time I saved the rip-cord.

"I pulled the flashlight from my belt and was playing it down toward the top of the fog when I heard the engine pick up. When I jumped it had practically stopped dead and I had neglected to cut the switches. Apparently when the ship nosed down an additional supply of gasoline drained to the carburetor. Soon she came into sight about a quarter of a mile away headed in the general direction of my parachute.

"I put the flashlight in a pocket of my flying suit, preparatory to slipping the parachute out of the way if necessary. The plane was making a left spiral of about a mile diameter and passed approximately 300 yards away from my chute, leaving me on the outside of the circle.

"I was undecided whether the plane or I was descending the more rapidly, and I guided my chute away from the spiral path of the ship as rapidly as I could.

"The ship passed completely out of sight, but reappeared in a few seconds, its rate of descent being about the same as that of the parachute. I counted five spirals, each one a little further away than the last, before reaching the top of the fog bank.

"When I settled into the fog I knew that the ground was within 1,000 feet and reached for the flashlight, but found it to be missing. I could see neither earth nor stars and had no idea what kind of territory was below. I crossed my legs to keep from straddling a branch or wire, guarded my face with my hands and waited.

"Presently I saw the outline of the ground and a moment later was down in a cornfield.

"The corn was over my head and the chute was lying on top of the cornstalks. I hurriedly packed it and started down a corn row. The ground visibility was about 100 yards. In a few minutes I came to a stubble field and some wagon tracks, which I followed to a farmyard a quarter of mile away.

"After reaching the farmyard I noticed automobile headlights playing over the roadside. Thinking that some one might have located the wreck of the plane I walked over to the car. The occupants asked whether I had heard an airplane crash, and it required some time to explain to them that I had been piloting the plane and was searching for it myself. I had to display the parachute as

evidence before they were thoroughly convinced.

"The farmer was sure, as were most others in a three-mile radius, that the ship had just missed his house and crashed nearby. In fact, he could locate within a few rods the spot where he heard it hit the ground. So we spent an unsuccessful quarter-hour hunting for the wreck in that vicinity before going to the farmhouse to arrange for a searching party and telephone St. Louis and Chicago.

"I had just put in the long distance calls when the telephone rang and we were notified that the plane had been found in a cornfield over two miles away.

"It took several minutes to reach the site of the crash, due to the necessity for slow driving through the fog, and a small crowd had already assembled when we arrived. The plane was wound up in a ball-shaped mass. It had narrowly missed one farmhouse and had hooked its left wing in a grain shock a quarter of a mile beyond.

"The ship had landed on the left wing and wheel and skidded along the ground for 80 yards, going through one fence before coming

to rest on the edge of a cornfield about 100 yards short of a barn. The mail pit was laid open and one sack of mail was on the ground. The mail, however, was uninjured.

"The Sheriff from Ottawa arrived and we took the mail to the Ottawa post office, to be entrained at 3:30 A.M. for Chicago."

And that was the third time "Slim" saved his life with a leap off into space and faith in a parachute.

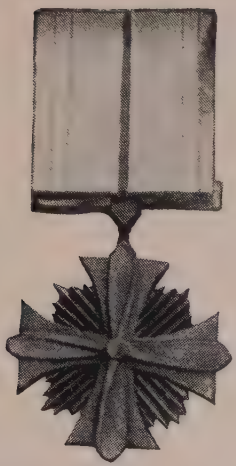
CHAPTER VIII

A FOURTH PARACHUTE ESCAPE

It would seem to be enough to satisfy Fate or Chance, or whatever it is that presides over human destiny, that "Slim" Lindbergh should have made three successful parachute leaps from moving planes, and yet he was to experience a fourth, and come out of it practically uninjured, though his plane was almost demolished.

This leap occurred Nov. 3, 1926, while he was flying one of Major Robertson's mail ships. He was in flight at night from Lambert-St. Louis Field with a cargo of mail for Chicago. When he reached a point south of Peoria, Ill., he ran into a rain which soon changed to snow, and all view of the earth was blotted out in no time.

For three hours he winged his way about in the obscurity, seeking vainly to discern a



DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS
Presented by the PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES

LEGION OF HONOR
Presented by the
PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

AIR FORCE CROSS
Presented by the
KING OF ENGLAND

ORDER OF LEOPOLD
Presented by the
KING OF BELGIUM

landing spot, and then he was confronted with a rapidly draining fuel tank. The only solace he could get out of the predicament was that he had a parachute strapped to his back, and knowledge that already three times the device had saved his life.

"Slim" waited until the last sputter of his motor told him he was due for a leap, and then, at an altitude of about 13,000 feet, he climbed out of the cockpit, consigned himself to Chance, and sprang as far into space and away from the plane as his muscular legs would permit him.

The chute functioned perfectly and "Slim" came down on a barbed wire fence skirting a field near Bloomington, Ill. Beyond a few scratches and some holes in his flying suit, "Slim" was as good as new.

As soon as he could extricate himself and pack up his parachute "Slim" gathered a number of farmers in the neighborhood and searched for the plane. They found it after several hours of searching, and while the mail was intact, "Slim" realized that the ship could not be flown until overhauled. So he hurried to a train for Chicago, got a reserve plane, flew back and salvaged the mail pouches. These he

loaded into his new "bus" and in a brief time was in Chicago, the mail delayed but safe.

Thus "Slim" Lindbergh became a four-time member of the "Caterpillar Club," that most exclusive of pilot organizations, the qualification for membership in which is certainly somewhat more exacting than that in the Order of the Garter.

In making his 13,000-foot leap from a moving plane at night "Slim" established a record for descent from a disabled plane, set a mark for all other pilots to "shoot at," and further secured his position as Ace of the "Caterpillars."

At another time "Slim" had a narrow squeak in getting out of disaster. It was on Sept. 30, 1926, when he was on the last leg of a mail-carrying journey from St. Louis to Chicago. He took off from the airport at Springfield, Ill., and had risen only 150 feet in the air when the throttle of the plane broke.

There was nothing for "Slim" to do but come down. A parachute was, naturally, out of the question. What he should save of himself and his "bus" remained with his skill in

making a forced landing from an elevation perilously near to the ground.

Ahead of him "Slim" spied an open clover field, and he made for it, nursing the ship down, and, probably, praying. As he touched earth the ground was so soft that his wheels sank hub deep into it.

For an instant it seemed that the plane must be upset and surely kill its pilot in the crash. But, good fortune, plus the skill with which "Slim" made his landing—and he is famous for the manner in which he can bring his plane to earth—came to his rescue. The plane skidded, slipped and dug up the ground, but kept on an even keel.

And here is what "Slim" said of this experience: "This is the first motor failure that the Robertson Aircraft Corporation has had in 240 trips between St. Louis and Chicago, and it was just my luck to have it happen to me."

It evidently meant more to him than four parachute jumps.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE AIR MAIL SERVICE

It was "Slim" Lindbergh who as chief pilot for the Robertson Aircraft Corporation inaugurated the air mail between Chicago and St. Louis. This was on April 15, 1926. He reached Lambert-St. Louis field from Chicago at 9:07 o'clock in the morning of that day eight minutes ahead of scheduled time. His plane carried two pouches of mail, one picked up at Peoria and the other at Springfield. The mail was delivered to the post office at 10 o'clock. His actual flying time for the 265-mile run was two and a half hours.

This flight was in pursuance of contract obligation. The ceremonial flight, which was to Chicago, occurred the next day when "Slim's" plane, with silver wings and maroon fuselage, was christened at the St. Louis air port by Myrtle Lambert, the thirteen-year-old daugh-

ter of Major Albert Lambert, who stood sponsor.

"I christen you St. Louis," she said. "May your wings never be clipped." And with this, she strewed flowers upon the plane's shining wings. A little later "Slim" took off and went roaring into the northwest, with Philip R. Love and Major C. R. Wassall, brother mail pilots, "on his tail."

"Slim" has an uncle, John C. Lodge, who was Acting Mayor of Detroit, and a commanding figure in that community. On the day that the youngster soared aloft on the first flight of the St. Louis-Chicago air mail service, he wrote that uncle a letter twenty minutes before the take-off which shows clearly that there is no such word as "maybe" in his vocabulary.

There was precious little in it about the imminent flight, most of the epistle being a boyish, family letter, but it contained one phrase which strikes the keynote of "Slim's" character. He wrote of the time of leaving St. Louis and added "arriving at Chicago at 7:15 P.M."

There was no "due at Chicago" nor "due to arrive at Chicago," but just the flat "arriving

at Chicago." He knew absolutely that he would reach his terminal within the appointed time. And he did.

This letter, written from the St. Louis Flying Field of the Robertson Aircraft Corporation, ran thus:

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:

I am very short of time as I must mail this letter in half an hour and must see that my plane is ready for flight.

This will be mailed on the initial flight of the contract air mail line between St. Louis and Chicago which I am to make to-day at 4:00 P.M., arriving at Chicago at 7:15 P.M., via Peoria, Ill., and Springfield, Ill.

Everything here indicates a heavy load from St. Louis and Springfield.

I was very sorry that I could not see you and Aunt Harriet when I was in Detroit, but I left before I had expected to.

Hoping that you and Aunt Harriet are well and enjoying the same spring weather that we are having here, I remain,

As ever, your nephew

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH.

Ben B. Robertson, Pres. — Frank H. Robertson, V. Pres. — Daniel R. Robertson, Secy & Treas.

ROBERTSON AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

St. Louis Flying Field

TELEPHONES
CRY 725
BANY 3250
REST 476

FLYING FIELDS AND WAREHOUSES
ANGLUM, MO.
HOUSTON, TEXAS
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS
KANSAS CITY, MO.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

AFFILIATED WITH THE
STANDARD J. I. AIRPLANE CO.
HOUSTON, TEXAS

ANGLUM, MO.
April 15, '26

Dear Uncle John.

I am very short of time as I must mail this letter in half an hour and must see that my plane is ready for flight.

This will be mailed on the initial flight of the Contract Air Mail line between St. Louis and Chicago which I am to make today at 4:00 P.M. arriving at Chicago at 7:15 P.M. via Peoria, Ill and Springfield, Ill.

Everything here indicates a heavy load from St. Louis and Springfield.

I was sorry that I could not see you and Aunt Harriet when I was in Detroit but I left before I could expected, to.

Hoping that you and Aunt Harriet are well and enjoying the same spring weather that we are having here, I remain,—

OPERATING ONE OF THE LARGEST FLYING SCHOOLS AND SERVICE HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES

Yours,
Anglum Mo. Charles A. Lindbergh

LETTER WRITTEN BY LINDBERGH TO HIS GRAND-UNCLE, ACTING MAYOR LODGE OF DETROIT, JUST BEFORE STARTING HIS FIRST AIR MAIL FLIGHT, ST. LOUIS TO CHICAGO

Early this spring, "Slim" wrote again to this uncle extending an urgent invitation to him to come to Chicago to make the flight to St. Louis with his nephew. But Mr. Lodge replied that the ground in and about Detroit quite sufficed for his peregrinations, especially as he was sixty-three. "I'm too old, sonny," he replied, to which "Slim" rejoined: "Well, Uncle, your body is no older than your heart." But even this failed to persuade.

When Lindbergh took the job of carrying the mail to Chicago and bringing it back to St. Louis he and his fellow pilots on the run, Love and Charles P. Nelson, had no idea that during the entire winter following inauguration of the service they would have to fly without the aid of guiding beacons, such as are set up at intervals along the trans-continental line. As a matter of fact, the lights were not installed for several months after the winter had set in. But "Slim" and the other two winged their way day after day between St. Louis and Chicago, taking off at night, with only the lights of towns and widely spaced lights in farmhouse windows to guide them.

They did it without injury to themselves or the loss of a single piece of mail.

But "Slim," according to his associates, "could fly a trunk lid if it had a motor." His nonchalance about flying, his embarrassment at anything like praise, soon became proverbial in the little corps of airmen. One example of it, following his 'chute jump, his third, described in a former chapter of this chronicle, is still talked about in the airport hangars.

"Slim" had leaped down in the night, found his crushed plane, recovered the mail pouches, took them to the post office, flung them to the floor and said, laconically, "Here's the Chicago mail. It's about ten minutes late." He was walking away when he stopped, turned back and said: "I wouldn't have been late but I had to leave the plane up in the air." And with that he went out.

It is not to be assumed, however, that "Slim" Lindbergh is of the unsociable type, though he does say he likes to be alone, especially in a plane. The men who have been associated with him in the air mail service will tell you that "Slim" is a persistent joker. One of these is Lieut. Jack Worthington, Airway Extension

Superintendent at Hadley Field, near New Brunswick, N. J.

"One night at the Lambert-St. Louis Field, where 'Slim' and I spent a long time together," Worthington said, "there was a young pilot who had just come from the East. 'Slim' selected him as game for one of his stunts. He asked the pilot that night if he'd like to go out on a snipe hunt. That's one of the oldest of gags, but the newcomer fell for it. 'Slim' explained that it was one of the favorite sports among the pilots, especially as they were all fond of snipe.

"We knew all about it, of course, so we trailed along into the open country for a couple of miles or more. Then 'Slim' stopped the visitor and told him he thought that was a bully place for snipe and enough for a dinner could be caught without difficulty.

"Then 'Slim' handed the stranger a large burlap bag and a lantern, which he lighted. 'Now,' said 'Slim,' 'we'll go off into the woods and scare up the snipe. You hold the bag open with the lantern behind it, and when you hear us yell turn the bag in the direction of our voices and keep it wide open. We'll chase the

birds into it. All you have to do is close the bag when they're in.'

"Of course we returned to the hangar and that poor pilot sat there holding the bag open for three hours. There was murder in his eye when he got back, because he woke up after a while. But he wouldn't speak to any of us for a week.

"Once 'Slim' discovered that one of the mechanics at the St. Louis Field was scared to death of bulls. A disabled plane chanced to come down one day in a field in which two large and gentle cows were grazing. 'Slim' hired one of them from the farmer for a dollar and led it up to the 'bus' where the mechanic was at work repairing the landing gear. 'Slim' waited until the man was well under the ship and then maneuvered the cow up to about five feet of the mechanic. The next instant 'Slim' let out a yell, 'Hey, look out for the wild bull!'

"The mechanic, in a panic, wriggled around, had one look at the cow and, clawing his way out from under the 'bus,' took it on the run. He cleared a six-foot fence in what seemed to be one bound."

Worthington is high in praise of "Slim's"

pluck in the air. "He's never afraid to take a chance," he said. "I've seen him time and time again fly in weather that would have discouraged almost any other pilot. At the Maywood Field in Chicago, Lindbergh always gathered with the other pilots on a stormy night when the flying weather was almost impossible. When the other pilots had given up hope of taking off 'Slim' would stretch himself, don his flying togs, and in a matter of fact tone say, 'Well, boys, I'm going through,' which meant that he intended to take his mail sacks to their destination, weather or no weather interfering.

"He would never hang back and soon the roar of his exhaust would tell the others that he was winging his way to St. Louis. This was not a gesture or a grand stand play on his part, for I have seen him take off in all sorts of weather."

CHAPTER X

BOYHOOD ANECDOTES

Now that Lindbergh has risen to such unprecedented eminence in the world those who knew him in his earlier and comparatively obscure years recall incidents and anecdotes concerning him which have been conjured from naturally fading memory by his great achievement.

When he set out from Roosevelt Field for the flight to Paris he bore with him a letter of introduction from Col. Theodore Roosevelt to Ambassador Herrick, which he had obtained during an informal visit to Oyster Bay. The visit was not for the purpose of getting this letter, but to renew a friendship which had begun in his boyhood during the time "Slim's" father, the late Charles A. Lindbergh, Sr., was in the House of Representatives from Min-

nesota, and a staunch supporter of Theodore Roosevelt. "Slim," whose nickname among his classmates was "Cheese," entered the Friends' School when he was twelve years old. The Roosevelt boys had attended the Friends' School and many of their doings there were still fresh in memory.

The boys in their little coterie became known as "The Roosevelt Gang," and it boasted a membership of about fifteen. It was a "gang" which played all sorts of pranks. No one knows this better than Frederick C. Henry, proprietor of drug stores in Washington, one of which, was within the territory over which the "gang" roamed and was a sort of rendezvous for it.

It was a most tempting place for the youngsters, and on innumerable occasions they demonstrated to the amazement of the proprietor the incredible capacity of the boyish interior for ice cream sodas. Quentin and Kermit Roosevelt were the leading spirits of the "gang," and it was at their invitation that many of the gatherings in Henry's drug store occurred.

When each of the boys had been served with

soda or sundae it was only natural that inquiry should be made by the dispenser as to the host of the entertainment. And it was Quentin Roosevelt who was wont to reply:

"Charge it to my father."

In time the ice cream soda bill reached such proportions that, so the story runs, Henry called Mrs. Roosevelt's attention to it. The reply of the President's wife was that she was delighted at the generosity of her sons, and the charges, and many succeeding ones of like character, were promptly paid.

The pranks to which "Slim" was given in his boyhood are still pursued by him, as this chronicle has already told. He indulged in a spectacular one only last summer when he was doing "stunt" flying at St. Louis. Only his associates and a few friends knew that the airman who was doing such daring things was Charles A. Lindbergh.

It was during the Mississippi River motor boat regatta, and to add to the interest of the occasion, Ed Koenig, who was in charge of the regatta, asked Major William B. Robertson of the St. Louis Flying Club to engage the services of an expert plane pilot to race a hydroplane

and also to give the crowd a thrill by doing air "stunts."

Major Robertson suggested "Slim" Lindbergh, his chief pilot in the St. Louis-Chicago Air Mail Service. Koenig asked whether this fellow Lindbergh was skilled enough to arouse the required thrills. All the Major answered was:

"Try him and you'll see."

So "Slim" reported to Koenig the morning of the regatta to look over the air arena and note its possibilities for "stunts." Then he asked Koenig just what was wanted in the way of air tricks.

"Do whatever you please," was the reply, "so long as you make the crowd sit up."

"All right, I'll try," was "Slim's" laconic answer.

His "trying" was so successful that he kept the hearts of the spectators in their mouths. He flew under both the Eads and Free Bridges again and again. Now and then he swooped down until his wheels feathered the water, and those who saw this "stunt" recalled it vividly when they read that during his flight to Paris

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The Spirit of St. Louis in the Hanger, Paris, France, with Picket Fence Around It.

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Capt. Lindbergh Waves the American and French Flags from the Paris Aero Club

he, according to his own account, flew at times only ten feet above the Atlantic.

High in the air "Slim" looped and spun and barreled and risked his neck in countless ways. Then, when the race with the hydroplane was put on, he beat it easily over a five-mile course. To wind up the exhibition he played a prank and gave one citizen of St. Louis the experience of his life and created no end of amusement.

"Slim" zoomed his plane to a considerable altitude and then came down in a steep, daring nose dive. He headed his plane directly toward a motor cruiser, the Hawk, owned by Ed Serrano, which was at anchor in the middle of the Mississippi.

Standing on the deck of the cruiser was S. G. Hoffman, intently watching the airman's antics. When he saw the plane driving directly toward him he was dead sure it would hit him, so, clothes and all, he leaped into the river.

Of course "Slim" didn't hit the cruiser, instead nosing up his plane just in time to dart over it. Hoffman, swimming around and eventually clambering aboard the Hawk, admitted the joke was on him. By that time

"Slim" was winging back to the flying field.

From the earliest of his flying experiences "Slim" Lindbergh placed the parachute as foremost among his flight paraphernalia. He learned to know the value of it—attest his four-time membership in the Caterpillar Club—when Fate demanded of him that he take to it or relinquish life.

"Slim" had so much faith in this descending device that once he demanded that a passenger who flew with him provide himself with one in case of mid-air disaster. This passenger was Herbert B. Ehler, financial counselor of St. John's Hospital in Long Island City.

Last October Mr. Ehler was in St. Louis and at 3 o'clock one morning he received a telegram demanding that he get to Cincinnati just as soon as was possible. He knew that the quickest way was by air, so he called Robertson Field and asked whether a plane could take him.

The reply was that a plane would be ready for the flight at 6 o'clock in the morning. The name of the pilot was not then disclosed, but it chanced to be "Slim" Lindbergh.

When Mr. Ehler arrived at the flying field

he was told by the pilot that before the flight was started he, the pilot, must be assured that his passenger was prepared for a parachute leap "in case anything happened." In other words, he required that Mr. Ehler make a parachute jump then and there if he had never made one before.

Mr. Ehler had never done this, but "Slim" was adamant about it. He knew the emergencies likely to arise, and also the worth of a chute in such a case.

At first there was objection from Mr. Ehler, who did not see that he should give a sort of professional exhibition in mid-air. But "Slim" persisted and finally conquered. Mr. Ehler said he would do the jump rather than be deprived of the chance to get to Cincinnati in the required time.

So "Slim" took off, a parachute strapped to his passenger, and went to a height of 1,500 feet. When that was reached he signaled to Mr. Ehler that he should jump.

The passenger, trusting to all that "Slim" had told him of the efficacy of chutes, recalling that he had already made leaps from flying

planes, took his nerve in his hands and stepped off into space.

There was no trouble about the opening of the parachute and Mr. Ehler came safely to the earth. And when he came to it he found Lindbergh already down, waiting for him to make the journey to Cincinnati.

"That's all there is to it," "Slim" said to him, "and now we can hop off for Cincinnati. Just remember to do that again if anything happens to us."

Mr. Ehler said afterward of the trip:

"The flight to Cincinnati was, in a great measure, uneventful, but as we neared the landing field Lindbergh zoomed the plane to 3,000 feet, and then, trusting implicitly in his 'bus,' dove straight downward. The drop continued until we were within 500 feet of the airport. Then in some way, quite paradoxical to me, he straightened out, rose like a bird, hovered a moment and then came to earth, making what I am told is a perfect landing.

"I had flown a number of times before this, but never before had seen such skill in piloting a plane to a landing. Lindbergh and I went to my hotel, where we had breakfast together.

He impressed me as being a youngster intensely interested in aviation and little else.

"We made the trip from St. Louis to Cincinnati, a distance of 360 miles, in three hours and nine minutes."

CHAPTER XI

A WONDERFUL EXECUTIVE

THE one man who, perhaps, knows "Slim" Lindbergh better than any one else knows him is Major William B. Robertson, head of the aircraft corporation bearing his name. It was in Major Robertson's employ that "Slim" rode the air with the St. Louis-Chicago mail and made so enviable a reputation for skill, resourcefulness and daring.

"Slim" is a wonderful executive for all his few years," the Major said the other day while he was in New York for a brief visit. "He has no end of pluck and surely is an ace in an airplane. He never wastes time over anything and has the singular faculty of winning friendship instead of jealousy. Every pilot associated with him likes him, and the mechanics at the airports would do anything in the world for him.

"By a curious coincidence, the Lincoln Standard plane, with its 150-horsepower Hispano-Suiza motor, in which 'Slim' first flew solo and used in stunt flying at the county fairs in the West and doing his early barnstorming, is now in St. Louis, owned by a man living there. This plane, which 'Slim' sold, has passed through half a dozen hands since then and arrived in St. Louis just before he took off for the flight to New York on his memorable way to Paris. 'Slim' has always looked upon this bust as one of his dearest companions and friends.

"At the close of one of his stunt-flying tours, 'Slim' found himself in Denver. There he ran across a man, owner of a plane, who wanted to be flown from the Colorado capital to New York for advertising purposes. 'Slim' took on the job and flew with his employer as far as St. Louis. There the man took train for New York and as 'Slim' had not been paid for his services, he was directed to sell the plane, deduct what was due him and forward the balance to his erstwhile employer.

"This was 'Slim's' first look at St. Louis, the city to which he was destined to bring so much

distinction by his trans-Atlantic flight. He was now determined to take flying a bit more seriously than before, and realized that he must have more training. And that is what sent him to the army's school at Brook Field in Texas.

"The first time I ever saw 'Slim' was in December of 1925, when he came back to St. Louis and wandered out to the Robertson Field and asked whether he could get a job there flying. I told him there was nothing in prospect just then, but that I could take him on in the following February as we were going to start a St. Louis-Chicago air mail service.

"I was very much impressed with the youngster—he was only twenty-three then—because he was strong, ruddy and possessed of a most engaging smile. I did not know very much about his flying abilities. He had estimated them very modestly when I asked him where and when he had been up and how long training he had had.

"So in February of 1926 he came to the field and I engaged him. I gave him a plane and then for a month or more I watched him both in the air and on the ground, how he han-

dled both himself and his plane and how he got along with the other pilots.

"As a matter of fact, he showed so much, both as a pilot and as a man, that I made him chief pilot for the mail flight and told him he could make his own selection of pilots to share the run with him.

"Not only did he do this, but he selected the nine landing fields between the two cities which the Government afterward leased and are still maintained by it, well lighted and thoroughly equipped. And since the inauguration of the service on April 15, 1926, a plane takes off from St. Louis at 4:15 P. M., arriving in Chicago at 7:20 o'clock, in time to meet the transcontinental mail coming in both directions by air. Thus St. Louis can get mail which has left New York the night before.

"Aside from his great ability as a pilot, 'Slim' is well remembered by his associates for his propensity for joking. I remember one of his jokes very well, indeed, and so does Bud Gurney, who was his roommate at the St. Louis flying field. Bud liked noting better than to be waited on. He and 'Slim' are huge consumers of ice water, and when the time came

for a new supply, it was always 'Slim' who was induced to get it for himself and Bud.

"After a while it occured to 'Slim' that he was doing all the ice water work, and what particularly impressed him was the fact that Bud used to drink most of it. 'Slim' would look in the pitcher for a drink, and find it empty. But he never said a word.

"One night Bud returned to the room and found the pitcher filled. He was extremely thirsty, so he caught up the pitcher, put it to his lips and took two big swallows. What Bud went through immediately after that, and what he said, will never be forgotten by him or his brother pilots. 'Slim' had filled the pitcher with kerosene! After that, Bud got his own ice water.

"When 'Slim' was carrying the mail he received a salary of $350 a month, with flying allowances which brought the sum to $450. When making commercial air trips he always received twenty-five per cent of the charges. Under his supervision the mail service between St. Louis and Chicago involved 589 trips, and only fourteen were defaulted, owing to utterly impossible flying conditions. 'Slim' often went

up when the weather was dangerous for any pilot, no matter how skilled. He flew at least one-third of the total of 160,000 miles the St. Louis-Chicago mail pilots tallied last year.

"As every one now knows, 'Slim' made it his business to stick by his plane to the bitter end and only leave it when his life was in the balance. Four times he has leaped with a parachute from a plane in flight. A plane seemed to arouse something closely akin to affection for it in 'Slim's' heart. It wouldn't surprise me to learn from him that it gave him almost physical pain to have a plane crash.

"I remember that once 'Slim' stayed with a plane until it was a miracle that he survived the crash. He was trying out a plane designed by Ben Belle, who had put every thing he had into the 'bus.' 'Slim' went up and was putting it through such tests as a plane must undergo to prove its air worthiness. He let it drop into a tail-spin at 2,500 feet, and couldn't get it out. It came to within 300 feet of the earth before he knew he'd have to desert it and trust to his parachute.

"Though 300 feet is a daring height at which to depend on a chute. 'Slim' got away with it

and landed safely. Of course the plane cracked up. 'Slim' went to Belle and said, 'I stayed with your plane just as long as I could, I'm awfully sorry because I know how much that "bus" meant to you. I was thinking of you all the way down. And that's the sort of fellow 'Slim' Lindbergh is.

"So 'Slim' is coming home on the Memphis. Well, he'll be the happiest man on board, because he'll have new mechanisms to look at and study. He loves machinery. And I'll wager he'd fire every gun on the cruiser if they'd let him."

"Slim" Lindbergh is a doughty trencherman. That long, lanky body of his requires no small amount of food to fuel it. He was one of the chief and most frequent patrons of the "hot dog" stand at Curtiss Field, where his plane was housed before his journey to Roosevelt Field for the take-off for Paris.

Just before he started for Roosevelt Field on that eventful morning he had a sausage sandwich and some other food at Louie's stand. Louie insisted that "Slim" have it "on the house." But "Slim" said: "Sorry, Louis, but I couldn't do that. If I left owing you that

forty-five cents it would worry me all the way to Paris."

Pilots who know "Slim" will tell of his prodigious appetite. In fact, he admitted it was his "long suit." He used to grin while his brethren of the air would marvel at his ability to eat half a dozen eggs for breakfast and top them off with a steak or a big chop.

One evening "Slim" had dinner with several other flyers in a small restaurant in "the Loop" in Chicago. It was a substantial meal of the dollar and a half kind and every one save "Slim" appeared to have been quite sated. As they left the place it was decided that the party would take in a movie show. "Slim" said nothing 'til they were about to pass an "eat it off the arm" restaurant.

"This is where I leave you fellows," he said with a grin as he went through the revolving door. His companions watched him and saw him seat himself at the counter and give an order to the waiter.

CHAPTER XII

THE $25,000 PRIZE OFFERED

ANY chronicle of "Slim" Lindbergh's flight to Paris should give marked consideration to Raymond Orteig, who eight years ago offered a prize of $25,000 to the first aviator who should make a non-stop flight from New York to Paris.

Mr. Orteig, proprietor of the Brevoort Hotel and the Hotel Lafayette in New York, two widely known hostelries, distinctive resorts for Frenchmen in this city, and for friends of France and the French among New Yorkers, was deeply stirred by the unfaltering courage of aviators during the World War. It caught his imagination as few things had ever done.

When in the course of the great conflict French military or commercial missions came to the United States they sought out the Or-

teig hotels as places of residence during their New York visits. In this way he was brought into close contact with many distinguished aviators and these most aroused his interest.

There was to him something very fine in the bravery of these men to whom defeat meant death, for whom there was no such thing as surrender and who could not even if they would give quarter or take it.

One evening there was a dinner to Eddie Rickenbacker, the American ace, and Mr. Orteig attended it. It was during this dinner that the idea of offering a substantial prize for the first hop to Paris from New York came to his mind.

So the prize of $25,000 was established March 22, 1919.

At the donor's request the Aero Club of America undertook to formulate the conditions and to be judge of the award. As, at the end of the stipulated five years, no one had won the prize, Mr. Orteig renewed his offer.

About a year ago crack aviators began to think seriously of seeking the rich prize. Captain Rene Fonck decided to try for it and had constructed a specially designed Sikorski bi-

plane. He came to this country to watch the final work on the plane, which was built on Long Island.

His navigating partner in the flight was Lieut. L. W. Curtain, U. S. N., and on September 21, 1926, the plane was started along the same runway at Roosevelt Field which "Slim" used for his epochal takeoff. But the Sikorski ship ran only a short distance over the ground, then tumbled into a twenty-foot gulley at the end of the runway and instantly burst into flames.

Capt. Fonck and Lieut. Curtain managed to extricate themselves from the blazing plane, but the mechanic, Jacob Islanoff, and the radio operator, Charles Clavier, who made up the remainder of the crew, were not so fortunate. They were trapped in the cabin of the plane and killed.

"Slim" Lindbergh knew all about this, knew the difficulty of getting a heavy-laden plane into the air and keeping it there, but, for all that, he turned his mind with eagerness last autumn to attempting the seemingly impossible—the flight from New York to Paris. He was at the time chief air pilot in the air mail service be-

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Beautiful View of the U. S. S. Memphis Coming into the Dock, Washington, D. C.

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Col. Lindbergh Coming Down the Gang Plank
of the U. S. S. Memphis Accompanied by Admiral Burra

tween St. Louis and Chicago. He had been at this work from the time the route was inaugurated in April, 1926, and again and again demonstrated his air skill. He was known for his uncanny ability at navigation, his sense of speed and direction and his unqualified confidence in himself, but with no trace of braggadocio.

Of one thing "Slim" was actually conscious: his boyish appearance and manner. His build too was extremely youthful, though he was well over six feet in stature. He felt that all this would react against him if he sought supporters for a trans-Atlantic hop. He wondered whether his earnestness and his eagerness to make the effort, taken in connection with his experience in the air, would serve to overcome what he frankly listed as his drawbacks.

But he was determined to broach his idea to some one, and that one was his employer, Major William B. Robertson, head of the aircraft corporation carrying the St. Louis-Chicago mail and formerly a skilled army pilot. Major Robertson knew how good an airman "Slim" was, but he realized too what a demand such a flight would make upon a pilot and what a

stanch, air-worthy craft would be required for it.

After they had discussed the matter in detail they decided to ask the advice of a reporter on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* who was accounted an authority on aviation. This newspaper man enumerated several interests in St. Louis which might be induced to support such a flight, but he remarked to the youthful flyer:

"You'd better let Major Robertson go around for you and present the proposal, 'Slim,' because you look entirely too much like a baby. No one in the world who didn't know your ability would ever pick you out to make a trans-Atlantic flight."

"Slim" knew this only too well.

"I know that," he replied. "But I can't help what I look like. One thing I do know, though, darn well, and that is that I can fly across."

This quotation is verbatim, especially the "darn," because that is the utter limit of "Slim's" swearing.

However, Major Robertson did undertake the rounds in "Slim's" behalf. He interviewed

the persons believed to be most likely to give the youngster the financial support that was imperative. But all were frankly sceptical about the success of the undertaking.

"Why, it's nothing short of suicide," some of them said. "This Lindbergh is only a kid."

The decision to ask for financial support for "Slim" was reached on January 9, 1927, and for a month Major Robertson worked at the task like a beaver. But when that month had elapsed he and his brother, Lieut. Frank Robertson met at the St. Louis flying field, talked over what had been done and came to the reluctant conclusion that there didn't seem to be a ghost of a chance for "Slim" and his hopes.

When they broke this to "Slim" the youth shook his head, a world of disappointment in the gesture, and said:

"Well, I guess it's all off. So I'll just keep on flying the mail and let it go at that. The other fellows who are going to fly to Paris are getting ready now and even if I did get the money it would be almost too late to do anything."

There was no mistaking the grievously regretful look on "Slim's" face.

"Anyhow, we'll try one other place," Major Robertson said. "I'm going to call up Harry H. Knight and ask him to help out."

"No use in that," was "Slim's" quick comment. "The Flying Club hasn't any money. Let's just forget it."

But that was one thing that Major Robertson would not do. He disregarded what "Slim" had said so lugubriously and called Mr. Knight by telephone.

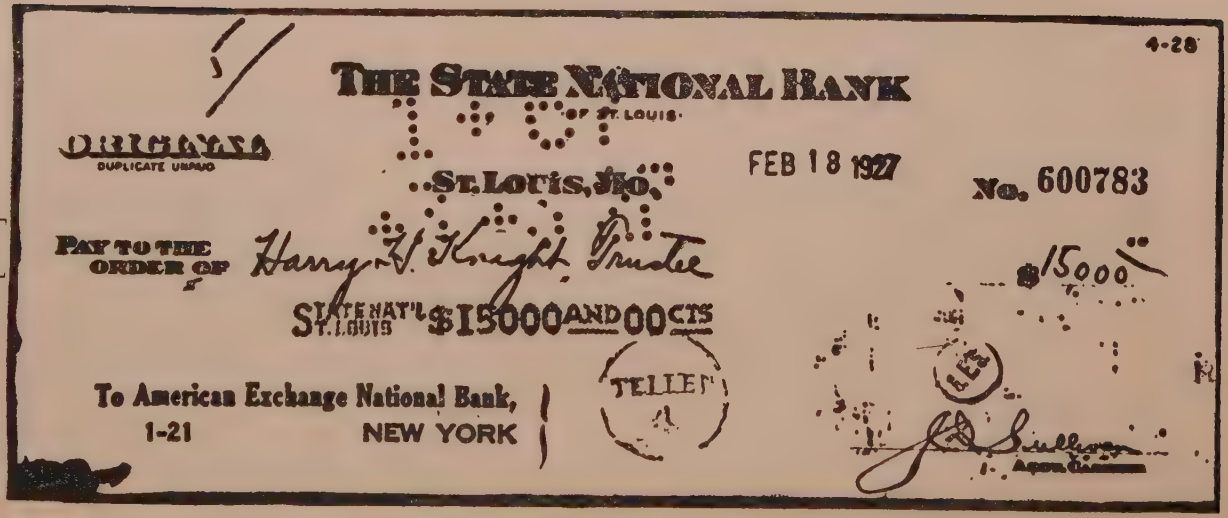
The result startled the Major. Mr. Knight was instantly enthusiastic over the plan. He lost no time in summoning others to the Lindbergh colors. One of these was Harold M. Bixby, president of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, also a member of the St. Louis Flying Club and owner of a plane. Another was Albert Bond Lambert, the noted balloonist for whom the Lambert-St Louis Field is named.

It was explained that "Slim" himself had saved $2,000, which was snug in a bank, and that he wanted to put this in the fund. Major Robertson added $1,000, and after Mr. Knight and Mr. Bixby had signed a note for $15,000

the State National Bank at once lent the necessary money and it was placed at "Slim's" disposal.

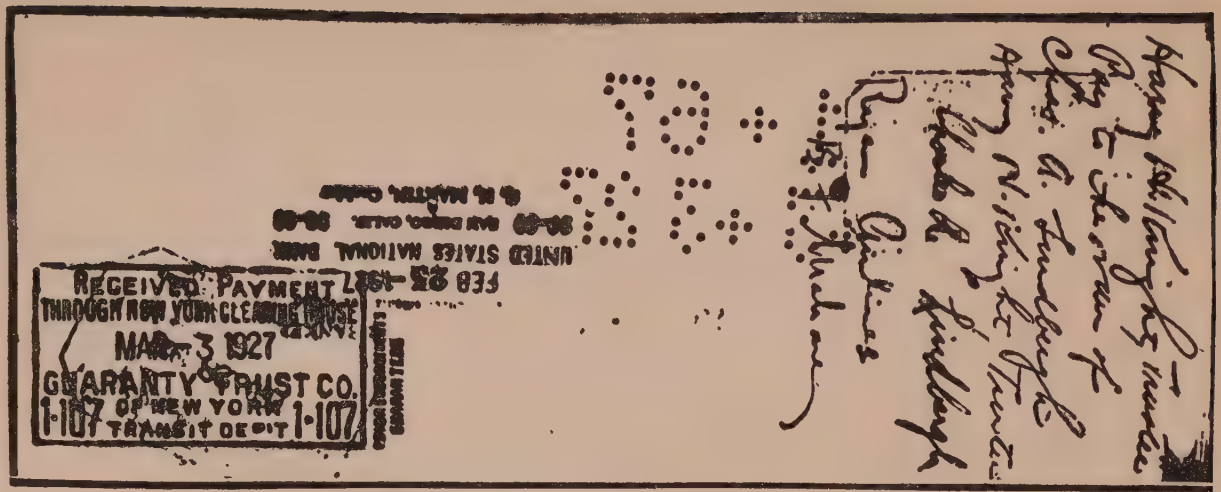
And that is the story of the financing of "Slim" Lindbergh for his renowned flight. All that remained was the selection of a type of plane for the daring voyage. This was left entirely in "Slim's" capable hands.

The bank check that paid for the Spirit of St. Louis.



Note the endorsement on next page.

Back of the check.



Photographic copy of the endorsements.

CHAPTER XIII

VISIONS OF THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS BUILDING

"Slim" Lindbergh had now realized a part of his cherished dream, the climax to which was to be his triumph over the windy heights above the grim Atlantic. He had funds with which to negotiate for a plane to bear him to Paris. That it would bear him he felt youthfully assured.

The group of enthusiastic St. Louis men which had undertaken to back him left the choice of plane to the young pilot, as he was to be the one to fly it, to trust to it, to win or lose with it.

It was his first idea to purchase a Bellanca monoplane and he journeyed to New York with this type foremost in his mind. But there was some hitch about terms when he talked with the Bellanca officials. Agreement could not be reached. It was something of a disappoint-

ment to "Slim." A ship of this design was already being prepared for the New York-Paris adventure, Acosta and Chamberlin being announced originally as its crew.

In aviation circles it is generally known now that "Slim," before entering into a contract for the plane in which he flew to Paris, made repeated efforts to purchase the Bellanca monoplane Columbia, which was owned by the Wright Aeronautical Corporation of Paterson, N. J., which had built it while its designer was still employed as the organization's engineer. "Slim" was refused the plane because of his determination to fly alone and for the added reason that the Wright Company was reluctant to see the flight tried with a single motor.

As further parleying with the Bellanca people was out of the question, "Slim" bethought himself of the Ryan plane. This is a type manufactured in San Diego, Cal. He felt that this would suit all his exacting needs for such a flight. But he wanted to be certain of this, so he went to San Diego.

He arrived there on February 28. But on the day before he sent a telegram to B. F. Mahoney, president of the Ryan Airways, Inc.,

that he wished that organization to build for him a trans-Atlantic plane.

"That was the first we heard of him," Mr. Mahoney said. "And after receiving the message we did about twenty-four hours' engineering work, so that when he did arrive we were able to tell him that we could build the plane he wanted. We guaranteed that it would have the necessary strength and cruising radius. Lindbergh had never then flown a Ryan plane.

"The day he arrived in San Diego we signed a contract with him for the construction of a plane, and that was when he made his entry for the $25,000 Orteig prize.

"As for his interest in the plane which was to bear him to such a brilliant victory, he was in the factory practically all of every day that the ship was under construction. Although he was so much concerned in the plane, he made only a few suggestions. The chief one had to do with the implacement of the pilot's seat.

"We added a little more wing area to the plane for this flight, but essentially otherwise, the "Spirit of St. Louis" was a stock plane. Sixty days after the contract for it was signed it was in the air for a test flight. No one save

Lindbergh ever flew inside this ship. A little more than a week after the test flight was made, Lindbergh took off for his hop from San Diego to St. Louis."

A great deal of secrecy attended the early preparations of "Slim" Lindbergh in San Diego. Newspaper men of the neighborhood were pledged to silence about them. They were able later to aid materially in what appeared then to be a race with the Bellanca plane and the Fokker ship of Commander Byrd by withholding the information that he was ready to make the Paris flight and keeping him accurately posted as to the doings of his rival pilots in the East.

As "Slim's" historic plane, "Spirit of St. Louis" was designed by Donald Hall and built by Hawley Bowlus, her wing span was forty-six feet and her length overall twenty-seven feet three inches. Her wing area was 320 square feet. She was driven by a Wright Whirlwind air cooled radial motor of 200-horsepower rated with a high speed of 130 miles an hour, or 123 miles an hour carrying full load. The fuel tanks had a capacity of

450 gallons of high test gas. The oil capacity was twenty gallons.

When empty the plane weighed 1,950 pounds, but with the load it carried at the outset of the flight to France its weight was estimated at 5,150 pounds. When "Slim" took off for Paris the Spirit of St. Louis had never before carried within 750 pounds of the weight his 200-horsepower engine was compelled to take aloft.

The "Spirit of St. Louis" was remarkable by reason of the fact that it was a "blind" plane. The pilot had no direct vision ahead. He was placed completely inside the ship, encased in a small compartment so that the streamline design might be carried to extreme lengths. In order to overcome this novel departure from other and seemingly fixed types, and to give the pilot an opportunity to see directly ahead, a sliding periscope, said to have been the first ever designed for aeroplane use, was built into the ship.

This device slid in and out at the will of the pilot at a corner of the window on the left side of the cockpit, thus giving something approaching unobstructed vision forward without re-

quiring him to thrust his head over side. Obviously, this device could be of little use at night.

"Slim" knew that he would have little use for his eyes save to check landmarks and rely upon his drift indicator until he should strike out to sea. After that he would have instruments on the dash in front of him which would enable him to keep his "bus" level, directed on a straight line and at an even keel fore and aft. All that remained was for him to change his course according to the compass variations, which would be prearranged, and the time. He decided to carry no sextant, nor to use his drift indicator after leaving land.

Part of his equipment consisted of a collapsible rubber boat, known as an "air craft," which it would be possible for him to inflate in a few seconds with two small bottles of compressed carbon dioxide, which were handily placed. The "boat" was carried back of his seat. There were light oars for it and it was estimated that if he were able to launch it, in the event of a forced landing at sea, the device would keep him afloat at least a week.

In addition the equipment for which provi-

sion was made consisted of two army canteens of water slung within easy reach, and an Armhurst cup, or breath-condensing still by which a man is said to be able to satisfy his thirst for an indefinite period, at least as long as he can breathe.

The flotation possibilities of the "Spirit of St. Louis" depended largely upon the amount of gasoline still in her tanks in case she were forced down. By reason of the position of the motor and the tanks, the latter directly in front of the instrument board, the plane would sink by the nose if she dropped into the water. If her tanks were empty, these would act as buoys, and if they were not, "Slim" would be able to empty them, slowly, to be sure, by resort to a small hand-pump.

The plane's fusilage was of welded steel and this would tend strongly to sink her, but her wings were of wood, wire and fabric structure, and would act to support the ship awhile, at least long enough, it was computed, to permit the pilot to shove off in his inflated rubber "boat."

CHAPTER XIV

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS ORDERED

No greater care did any skilled artisan give to the construction of a fine chronometer than that "Slim" Lindbergh lavished on his historic plane while it was under construction at San Diego.

He was at the Ryan factory morning, noon and night, watching every ounce of everything that went to make up the ship. And his enthusiasm was only equaled by that of the group of young men, all in their twenties, who labored at the now distinguished task.

B. F. Mahoney, the chief engineer of the Ryan organization, who was only twenty-six, told "Slim" at the outset that the plane would cost about $14,000 to construct and equip, but that it could not be sold for less than $15,000. He explained that the building would require the entire resources of the Ryan plant.

This was somewhat of a facer for Lindbergh, though he knew he had enthusiastic backing in St. Louis. However, the youthful spirit of those men who were contriving the plane, their determination to make a man's job of it and see the thing through to the end, prevailed. Mahoney said he was so sure "Slim" would succeed that he would construct the plane for $10,500, hoping that when "Slim" should arrive in Paris, the renown of the "Spirit of St. Louis" would so redound to the company's credit that the deficit would be made up.

One token of the high-hearted speed with which the Ryan engineers worked is to be found in the fact that the plans for "Slim's" plane were drawn within twenty-four hours after he reached San Diego and explained, with pencil and paper and by carefully worded directions, just what he wanted.

Sixty days were required for the construction of the ship, and the moment the last work was done "Slim" announced he would put it to test. And from the very first it proved to be everything he demanded of a plane to which he intended trusting himself in a most perilous undertaking.

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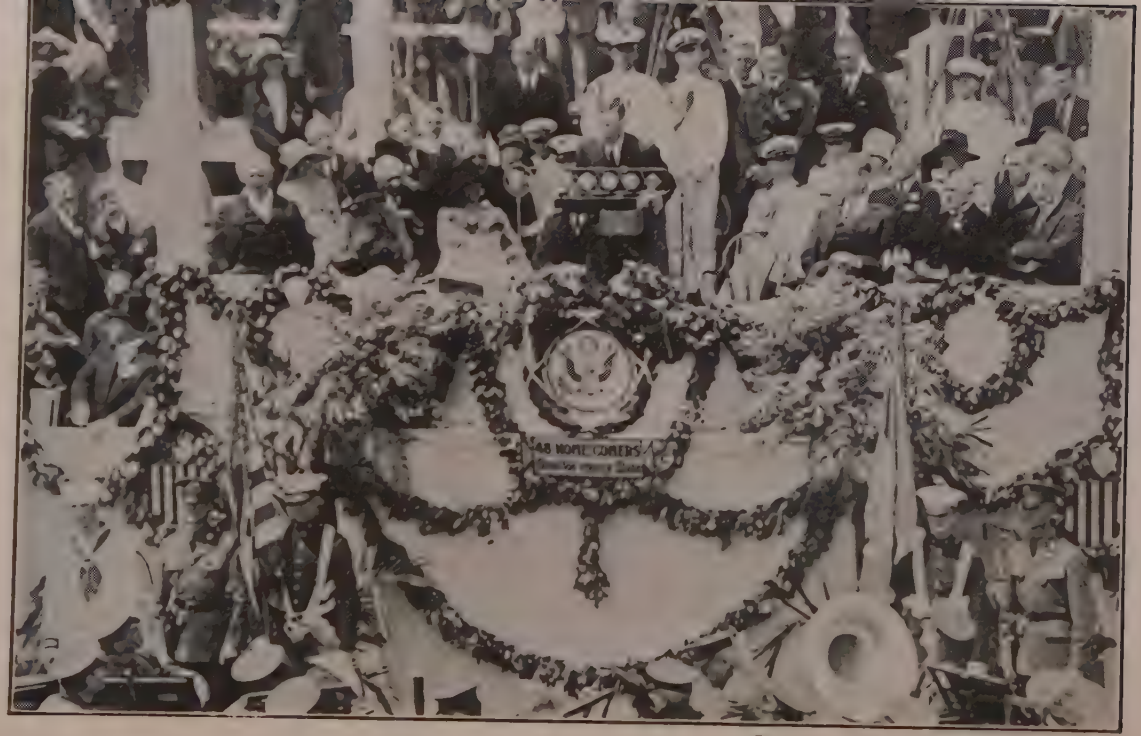
Secretary of State Kellogg and Mrs. Lindbergh, Mrs. Coolidge, President Coolidge, John Hayes Hammond and Col. Lindbergh



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Col. Lindbergh Before the Microphones Responding to

But flying was not the only thing "Slim" had to think about. There was the problem of keeping awake during the forty hours of steady, swift winging he expected would be required to land him in Paris. So he began wrestling with this problem almost as soon as he arrived in San Diego.

He determined to accustom himself to long periods of sleeplessness. He was, as has been said, at the factory all day for many days. But he also made time in which to take long tramps over the roads about the California city. He frequently fought off sleep for thirty or forty hours. It was reported confidentially that he remained awake for forty-nine hours in succession in the week before he set out from San Diego for St. Louis.

One morning about 3:30 o'clock, a friend encountered him slogging along a road with the swing of a professional distance walker. The friend offered him a lift back to San Diego, but "Slim" declined, saying that he wouldn't break training for the world. As he had thus tested to the point of proof that he could remain awake for very long periods, "Slim" could afford to smile at the predictions freely

made by flyers that he would never be able to remain alert and manage a plane for forty hours, that if nothing else overcame him, he would be lulled to sleep by the monotony of the roaring motor.

In order that he might have as much physical comfort as possible during the long flight, "Slim's" seat was in a slightly back-tilted wicker chair. The cabin prepared for him was all inclosed so that he would not be subjected to strong wind nor rain nor sleet. Description of this plane, which is given in a later chapter of this chronicle, showed that "Slim" had no forward vision save by the use of a periscope. There were windows at both sides, through which he had unobstructed sight, but he could not see directly aloft, as the skylight over his head was frosted.

The engine, upon which so very much depended, was a nine-cylinder, air-cooled radial power plant, a "Wright Whirlwind" motor. Its cylinders, which were grouped like the spokes of a wheel about a central crank-case, were provided with cooling fans such as are used upon the familiar motorcycle engine. Ignition was furnished by two magnetos, and

there were two spark plugs to each cylinder, so that if one system of ignition failed there would be a second to do the work and keep the engine turning over.

By having the motor air-cooled much weight was saved, a water radiator having to carry about three-quarters of a pound of water for each horse power. Air cooling also eliminated the danger of radiator leakage and stoppage, the latter having caused the failure of Harry Hawker's pioneer effort to fly across the Atlantic.

Save for the grouping of the cylinders, the motor operated like an air-cooled automobile engine. The connecting rod in each cylinder was bolted to a short crankshaft and the propeller was attached to the end of the crankshaft. Also there was a double carburetor.

Contrary to prevalent belief, the motor does not revolve, the cylinders being fixed and the only revolution being that of the crankshaft.

The most elaborate feature of the "Spirit of St. Louis" was its equipment of instruments, arranged on a vertical board directly before the pilot's gaze. It included a device to calculate the drift caused by winds, an earth inductor,

held to be in every way more reliable than the old magnetic compass; a bank and turn indicator, which discloses to the pilot the exact position of his plane even when the horizon is not visible to him, and the usual flying instruments such as air speed meter, a tachometer showing the revolutions per minute of the motor, temperature, gauges and a clock.

The computed gas consumption of the motor was approximately one gallon for every ten miles, just about what a heavy automobile requires, and a pint of oil every hour. The operating cost of the trip, including gas, oil and deterioration of the engine, was figured at $175.

While the plane was under construction, "Slim" was more or less secretive about his plans. He seemed to be afraid that people would not take such a youth seriously. Now and then, while the plane was only a growing structure of steel, wire and fabric, word would come from New York that the Chamberlin-Acosta expedition was on the brink of taking off for the Paris flight, and that Commander Byrd was, likewise, almost ready; in fact, that news of his hop-off might arrive any hour. Furthermore, the cable announced that Nun-

gesser and Coli, starting from France, were practically certain of reaching New York before "Slim" and his plane should enter the contest.

But "Slim" was not at all disturbed by all this. He was determined not to be hurried.

"They are flying their ships and I am flying mine," he said. "Let them go ahead in their own way and I'll go ahead in mine."

At that time the entrants for the trans-Atlantic flight probably did not give much thought to "Slim," though they knew he was getting a plane ready for the hop. They were much too busy with their own affairs.

There came a day, however, when it was realized he was one to be reckoned with. That was when he made his transcontinental flight to New York.

He had tested out the plane to his entire satisfaction. He felt in his inner heart that it would bear him safely over the air leagues to Paris, and he determined to be off, on his way eastward.

On May 10 at 5:55 P.M., he took off from the San Diego Field, a wave of his hand and a plume of smoke from his exhaust his farewells

to the young men who had worked so long and so hard to equip him for his adventure.

It was at 8:18 on the morning of the 11th that he arrived in St. Louis. He first descended to within one hundred feet of the ground, then nosed up and flew over the business district of the city before coming to earth. The journey from San Diego—1,550 miles—had required fourteen hours and five minutes. The fastest rail journey from San Diego to St. Louis requires seventy hours, with connections at Los Angeles and Kansas City.

This was the longest non-stop flight ever made across country by one man, and "Slim" had ably demonstrated his "homing pigeon" instinct by deviating only twenty-five miles from his course during the entire journey, which included ten hours of night flying without lights.

St. Louis gave "Slim" a hearty welcome, and Harry Knight, one of his backers, invited the youth to spend the night at his country place. But "Slim" declined. He said that he was eager to be on his way and asked that he might be permitted to spend the night with his old comrades of the air in the farm house he had so often slept in at the field.

Next morning found him astir soon after daybreak. He was once more with his plane. Fuel and oil were taken on as speedily as possible, the engine was looked over and at 8 o'clock he was again a-wing. He arrived in New York on the afternoon of May 12. His time from St. Louis was seven hours twenty-five minutes. The fastest trains make it in twenty-four hours.

"Slim" Lindbergh made his headquarters at Curtiss Field, and there the "Spirit of St. Louis" was made ready for its world-famous flight.

Long before dawn of May 20 "Slim" and his plane went to Roosevelt Field. The day had arrived. All preparations completed, "Slim" climbed aboard and stowed himself in the tightly enclosed cockpit. He was a quiet, much impressed young man. He knew he was taking his life in his hands, but he held them competent hands.

And so, with a great motor-roar he was off.

He was in Paris in thirty-three hours and a half.

All the civilized world now knew "Slim" Lindbergh.

CHAPTER XV

A FINE SCHOOL STORY

In closing this chronicle of "Slim" Lindbergh, the reader turns back to the days he spent as a pupil at the University of Wisconsin, and has a glimpse of the youngster through the revealing glass of three compositions he wrote as part of his course in English.

These three outpourings of his youthful mind have been carefully preserved by his then preceptor, Prof. R. F. Brosius, now Assistant Professor of Business English in New York University. He had "Slim" in his class at Madison in 1921.

In those days "Slim" was not noted for his skill as an air pilot, but he had the distinction of being a poor speller and a poor punctuator, and he did not at all like the constant errors in composition, to which Professor Brosius called his attention.

So, one of these compositions, entitled

"Failed," was a distinct "slap" at the Professor. "It was obviously a dig at me," Professor Brosius said the other day, "but it was so well done that it surely deserved the mark 'A,' which I gave it."

Here is the composition, which was typed, dated May 27, 1921, and signed, "Lindbergh, C. A."

"St. Peter was not in a charitable mood during the hours of an earth morning spent in viseing passports to the celestial realms. Far too large a percentage of the credentials had been lacking in minor points and required careful inspection. Came a mortal applying for admission.

" 'Your former occupation?' queried the saint.

" 'I was an American clergyman,' replied the inhabitant of the earth.

" 'Um,' mused St Peter. 'From the United States?'

" 'Even so.'

" 'Your living was?'

" 'Precarious; I did not survive.' The minister handed him his passport, a weighty document, carefully typed.

"St. Peter frowned, for the task of reading the manuscript was not to his liking.

" 'Was this written by some literary syndicate?' he asked.

" 'No; I wrote it myself.'

"The credential began, 'I have been a good true and faithful servant.'

" 'You have omitted the comma in the series of the form A, B and C,' criticized the saint.

" 'I am forty years old,' protested the other. 'In my day such punctuation was correct.'

" 'We are progressive,' snapped St. Peter. 'Everything within our jurisdiction is entirely up to date.' He continued reading: 'my relations with the profiteers and grafters were problematical.'

" 'Entire lack of coherence,' asserted the saint.

" 'If it please your saintship, the conditions themselves were incoherent, impossible of solution.'

" 'No matter, it was your business to clear them up.' For a few minutes he read in silence, then exclaimed:

" 'Bromidic, not even chlorin tainted!' You have written, 'I have endeavored always to see

myself as others see me.' That idea is as old as time.'

" 'But,' protested the mortal, 'there is nothing new under the sun. How am I to avoid such material?'

" 'You are obliged to see things from a different angle, to seek a new point of view, as it were!'

"Then the saint came upon this sentence: 'The question of inherent right, and which I had expounded for weeks, was still a puzzle to them.' St. Peter mopped the perspiration which oozed beneath his halo. 'See Wooley,' he snarled.

" 'I am not acquainted with Mr. Wooley,' explained the mortal meekly.

" 'No matter,' retorted the saint, 'you ought to be.' " The book is for sale by the C. D. Heath Company, Boston, New York and Chicago, and is used by many institutions of note.'

"Followed silence for half an hour while the shadows lengthened beyond the golden portals. Now and then the minister caught glimpses of the happy throng within and heard faint sweet melodies from distant harps. He

pondered. He knew that his work on earth had been well done, but so confident had he been that he paid little attention to the grammatical form of his passport. Now, as he watched heaven's doorkeeper, his doubts accumulated.

" 'Some excellent touches,' murmured the saint. "Good atmosphere.' Again silence while the saint finished the last page. Then with a sigh he returned the passport. Slowly shaking his head he gave the verdict:

" 'A pity to permit so many minor mechanical errors to bar good material from eternal commendation. You are not permitted to pass on.'

"Bewildered, but rebellious, the mortal began his downward journey. 'And to think,' he hurled back at St. Peter, 'that my brother is a professor of English at Yale.'

" 'Another case of need,' answered the saint, 'where practical help from one's relatives reaches the vanishing point.' "

The next one, for which "Slim" received a "B," bore the German title, "Es war einmal eine Insel mitten in der See" ("Once upon a time there was an island in the middle of the

sea"). This was dated March 21, 1921, and read:

"Some 4,000 miles south of Madison there is a narrow and crooked strip of land, ten miles wide and thirty-five miles long, the Panama Canal Zone. Ten great battleships lie at anchor in Limon Bay, waiting for the daylight before passing through the canal to the Pacific Ocean and then to San Francisco, where they will join the Pacific fleet and incidentally place ten more stumbling blocks between Japan and California. A faint red glow is seen in the east; a bugle call, and blue-clad soldiers swarm over the greyhounds of the deep. Two seamen, Joseph Williams and Robert Anderson, are on the afterdeck, waiting for mess.

" 'Well, Joe, this is the big day. We've been wanting to see the Panama Canal for months. Now we'll go through it.'

" 'Yes, Ted, by this time to-morrow you and I shall have completed a journey that would have taken us over a month a few years ago, to say nothing of the hard work and danger in rounding the Horn. We have Roosevelt and Goethals to thank for that. After Spain and France failed to dig a ditch with spades, men

and celebrations, it took Roosevelt's courage and Goethal's ingenuity to build a canal by means of steel, cement and persistence.'

" 'But it has taken years and millions of dollars to construct it. Think of the great iron monsters built especially for the job. One of those steam shovels did more work in a minute than a man could in a day.'

" 'It may have been exceedingly expensive, but it has proved worth while in the saving of time and coal alone, not taking into consideration the advantage we shall have in case of war. And, above all, the fact that Uncle Sam has succeeded where the old world failed.'

" 'There was a slide in Culebra Cut a few days ago. Some said it would tie up shipping for weeks, but the dredges have removed the dirt in three days. The Panama Canal has one of the greatest engineering organizations in existence. Well, there's chow; better hurry; we've a hard day ahead of us.'

"Some four blocks south of the University of Wisconsin there is a small frame house. It may have been painted gray a long time ago. Miss Justrite and Mr. O'Kay, university students are in the parlor waiting for the car be-

fore going to see 'Sinful Sin' at the movies, and from there to go to the chocolate shop where they will meet Bill and Maud, incidentally adding a few extra dollars to dad's expense account. A yellow glare is seen in the distance. It is the headlight of a Madison street car. Perhaps ten minutes after it passes the car going in the opposite direction will carry Miss Justrite and Mr. O'Kay to the movies. Says Mr. O'Kay:

" 'Well, I see that they had another slide in the Panama Canal. The Government ought to get a few of our engineers down there. They would stop those cave-ins pretty quick.'

"Answers Miss Justrite: 'Oh, you mean that river down in South America. It's all a big graft anyway, you know. The politicians have to have some way of spending the people's money. I heard that Theda Bara in the ' "Love Kiss" ' will be at the Strand next Sunday. My, but I'd love to see it.'"

The comment that Professor Brosius wrote upon this composition was: "If one is to judge from their mellifluous English, these are pretty high-class gobs."

"A day in the University Life of an Engi-

neer" is the theme of the third piece of authorship. It won a mark of "B minus," with certain comments upon spelling and punctuation from Professor Brosius. It was written April 22, 1921. Here it is:

"The gray streak of dawn is in the east, and soon the sun will usher into Madison another spring day. The farmers of the surrounding country, having finished their milking, are eating an early breakfast preparatory to a full day's work. Signs of life appear among the animal folk as the birds commence their morning melodies. The university professors have finished their lecture preparations for the day. Exactly at 7:15 the alarm rings in the room of a freshman engineer. It continues to ring. When the noise becomes unbearable he crawls from bed, muffles the offending machine in the quilt and becomes sufficiently awake to commence dressing. By 7:45 he rushes to the lunch counter, and by 8:02 bursts into the room of his 8 o'clock, just in time to answer roll call. Fifteen minutes later he becomes conscious that a lecture is being given in the same room. From 10 to 11 he has drill. After fumbling several formations, shouldering his

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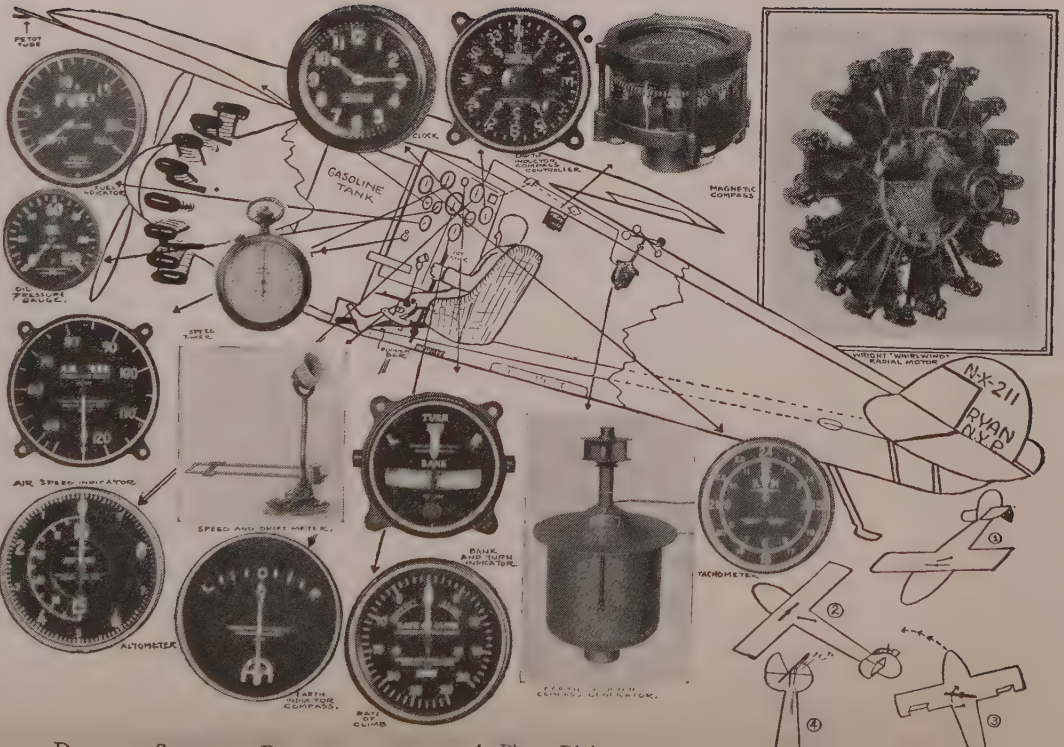
Postmaster General Harry S. New Presenting the First Lindbergh Air Mail Stamp


PETOT TUBE
FUEL INDICATOR
OIL PRESSURE GAUGE.
GASOLINE TANK
CLOCK
MAGNETIC COMPASS
WRIGHT "WHIRLWIND" RADIAL MOTOR
N-X-211
RYAN N.Y.P.
SPEED TIMER
AIR SPEED INDICATOR
SPEED AND DRIFT METER.
TURN
BANK
BANK AND TURN INDICATOR.
TACHOMETER
ALTOMETER
EARTH INDUCTOR COMPASS.
RATE OF CLIMB
①
②
③
④

gun on an 'at trial' order and receiving the usual compliments, he forgets that there is such a thing as bed.

"Some one near him who has not yet recovered from last night's formal fumbles a 'left shoulder,' and the engineer passes on the phrases that he himself received a few moments before. At 11 he starts for his room with a firm resolve to study math. On the way he meets a Madison milkman who is just beginning his morning round. The cardinal is on the porch. He looks it over while his roommate tells him about last night's party. Then it is time to eat. He glances hastily at his math, decides that he will do it in class, slams his book shut and is off to make up for a light breakfast. In the math class he works one of the examples and copies four; then happily devotes his attention to the feasibility of sniping a hat through the window with a piece of chalk. The English instructor decides to read the last themes, expostulating upon the number of useless words and phrases, while the engineer listens in breathless apprehension lest his own composition be used as an example. Luckily it is not, so he settles down to meditate

upon the utterly foolish statements others make in their essays. A chemistry quiz is scheduled for the next day. Therefore from 3:30 to 10, with the exception of a few minutes for supper, he attempts to make up for six weeks' neglected study. At 10 o'clock, with formulas and elements playing tag through his brain, he sets the alarm, places it out of reach, and goes to bed, hoping that 'Louie' will leave a few answerable questions on the exam paper."

Whatever his shortcomings in spelling and punctuation, "Slim" finished second highest in his class, with a mark of 85. Another boy received the same mark, and they were beaten by one alone, a girl, Elizabeth Holbrook, who got 90.

The three Lindbergh compositions are to be framed, presented to Dean John A. Madden, and hung in some prominent place in the university.

CHAPTER XVI

FLYING OVER THE ATLANTIC

MECHANISM OF THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS EXPLAINED IN DETAIL

(By Capt. Robert Scofield Wood, D. F. C., M. C., Croix de Guerre; of the Independent Air Force, R. A. F., in France during the World War.)

How would you like to take a flight with Captain Lindbergh in the "Spirit of St. Louis" and see for yourself how he spent those thirty-three and a half long hours in his epoch-making flight from New York to Paris? Come on—and get in behind the pilot. You can kneel on that collapsible lifeboat and look directly at the instrument board and watch the "wheels go round."

Just hold on the back of the wicker seat and enjoy yourself. You won't need a belt, there will be no violent stunting attempted in the monoplane, as it is not the type that lends itself to aërobatics very readily and, while it can

be thrown around a bit, there is too great a load being carried to do anything but quiet flying. All right, now, just watch; you won't be able to do much talking because the roar of the engine will drown your voice.

"All right, Jerry; put the chocks under the wheels until the engine is run for a minute. Atta boy!"

Jerry: "Switch off?"

Pilot: "Switch off. Suck in." Jerry, swinging the "prop," "Contact."

Pilot: "Contact"—and he closes the switch.

With a roar that precludes any further questioning the engine starts to turn over at about 800 R.P.M. (revolutions per minute). The throttle is opened a little bit at a time until one can hear nothing but a terrific roar as the 200 horse power Wright Whirlwind Motor sings its song of conquest. As the engine awakes, several of the little meters begin to show signs of life other than the vibration imparted by the speeding engine.

The tachometer, which is nothing more than an engine revolution counter, jumps into action and as the throttle moves forward and the noise of the engine becomes more intense the

needle slowly moves around the arc past 6, 7, 8, 9, and so on up to 19. Each of these units represents 100 revolutions a minute of the engine. The divisions between the numbers indicate twenty-five revolutions each. The throttle is advanced until the noise is almost unbearable and the tachometer shows 1,975 R.P.M. and the throttle is suddenly closed. The noise stops except for a slight popping, and the revolution meter or counter suddenly drops back to 4, indicating about 400 R.P.M.

The oil pressure gauge and oil temperature guage also register. The pressure gauge needle mounts to a position directly over a white line drawn from its center to the figure 20 and stays there, a red line at 50 indicates the danger point which is only reached when trouble develops some where in the oiling system. The oil temperature gauge continues to rise slowly even after the engine slows down. The danger mark, a red line, made on the dial of this instrument is drawn at 180 degrees. When the oil gets to this point the engine is overheating and must be cooled. However, it only gets to about 110 degrees and stays there —evidently working properly.

The pilot puts his hand out and "waves the chocks away." A slight forward motion of the throttle, accompanied by the roar of the motor, and the plane starts to move across the field which, despite its apparent billiard table appearance had plenty of bumps that seem to be accentuated as the plane moves faster. It taxies out about 100 yards, the pilot holding the "joy stick" back as far as possible to keep the tail on the ground while taxiing across the drome, describes a half-circle and gets set with its nose pointed dead into the wind. That, of course, is the safest way to take off, especially when the plane is heavily loaded. It is possible to take off down-wind and cross-wind, but unless the "ship" is particularly fast and of the scout or light, easily handled type it is better to take off into the wind. Captain Fonk, in the ill-fated Sikorski, took off down-wind and never left the ground.

The throttle, which is on the right of the pilot and operating on a quadrant (and not shown in the accompanying sketch), is moved slowly forward as the plane starts to move with ever-increasing impetus across the aërodrome. The air speed indicator in the mean-

time has moved up from 40 to 50 and on up to 60 miles an hour—the tail has come up as the "joy stick" is moved slightly forward and the ship is rolling along on its wheels. Suddenly the bumping stops, the air speed indicator mounts rapidly to 100 miles per hour—the plane is a-wing!

Other instruments have come to life—the altometer shows 500 feet as the roads begin to look like ribbons and lakes and other natural landmarks, such as bays and the ocean and Sound begin to take form below. The houses take on the look of playthings and are finally lost as the plane rises higher and higher. The air is much cooler and, despite the brilliant sunshine and the fact that the pilot's cockpit is shielded from the wind, it is decidedly chilly. The temperature goes down at the rate of a degree for every 500 feet of altitude.

The plane is flying in a straight line down Long Island toward Peconic Bay which, because of the fog, cannot be seen. It seems to be standing still at 5,000 feet, although the air speed indicator shows 105 M.P.H. and a west wind of ten miles an hour is increasing its actual ground speed to more than 115 miles per

hour. The wind at this altitude has veered around and is blowing in almost the opposite direction from that on the ground. The two easterly arms of the island fade into indistinctness, as the visibility is not particularly good.

The engine in the meantime has been throttled down to about 1,500 R.P.M., and the "joy stick," which controls the elevators and the angle of climb, has been moved slightly forward as we cruise east at 5,000 feet. The "stick" has never been really still during the ascent. There was always a slight motion backward as the nose of the ship was pulled up and the angle of climb increased. This is accompanied by a slight sideward movement to test the stability of the machine.

The pilot pays no attention to the inclinometer or meter that registers the rate of climb, as he knows from the feel of the machine and its immediate response to the sideward movements of the "stick" that it has plenty of forward speed and is under perfect control. When it becomes heavy and unresponsive the "stick" is pushed forward a little but not very much, an almost imperceptible movement, which has the desired results, as the machine continues

to mount, but at a slightly decreased rate.

The only things aside from his engine instruments that gets any attention up to this time are the earth inductor compass and a stopwatch. The Captain indicates that he is about to change his course. The left wing drops in simultaneous response to a sideward motion of the "joy stick" in that direction, as the ship gracefully alters its course in answer to a slight pressure on the rudder bar by the left foot. The "stick" is moved to the right to a neutral position, but the plane continues in the arc with its left wing down. A movement of the "joy stick" to the right brings the plane back on an even keel, at which moment the "stick" is centered again—the rudder bar being simultaneously straightened—and the ship is headed on the desired course.

The sideward motion of the "joy stick" controls the ailerons, the movable auxiliary surfaces of the main wing structure which are part of the trailing edge of the aërofoils.

It is necessary to bank the machine when going around turns to avoid sideslipping and the loss of flying speed or possibly falling into a disastrous flat spin. The bank is so easily and

gracefully made that one would not know he was changing direction—it is so different from an automobile.

During this turn a new instrument springs into life but the pilot pays no attention to it; it is labeled "turn and bank indicator." The pointer deviates slightly to the left, and the bubble in the level rides up to the right. When the machine is back on an even keel the instruments register normal. The air-speed indicator remains constant at 120 M.H.P.

After passing beyond the end of Long Island a slight alteration is made in the setting of the earth inductor compass controller, and the course changed slightly. Any deviation to the right or left is immediately shown on the meter, which gives a zero reading when the plane is flying on the right course.

The Pioneer earth inductor compass is a remote reading direction indicator. Its operation depends upon electro-magnetic reactions with the earth's field, and directions are indicated in reference to magnetic north.

The earth inductor compass consists of three major units: a generator, a controller and an indicator. Associated with these are a casing

and a shaft which establish a mechanical connection between the generator and the controller, and a cable which electrically connects the generator and the indicator.

The generator is the direction-responsive element of the earth inductor compass. It is the same in principle as any electric generator, except that it has no artificially induced field. It has an armature, a commutator and a pair of brushes. The armature unit is supported on gimbels so that its position will be undisturbed by ordinary rolling and pitching of the airplane. A windmill drives the armature and commutator through a universal joint. The brushes are supported for orientation about a normally vertical axis, and electrical connections are made to them.

The controller is a purely mechanical device. It is connected to the generator through the shaft and casing. Rotation of the controller causes a corresponding rotation of the brushes of the generator. Dials upon the face of the controller show the angle through which the brushes have been oriented in relation to the airplane.

The indicator is a nul-reading galvanometer

which is electrically connected by means of the cable to the brushes of the generator. The position of the hand of the indicator therefore shows the electrical potential being produced by the generator.

The operation of the compass depends upon the rotation of the armature of the generator which cuts lines of flux of the earth's field and generates electricity. Its potential depends upon the angular relation between the brushes and the direction of the earth's field. That is, the output of the generator is a function of the angle between the position of the brushes and magnetic north. As the Pioneer compass generator is assembled, the output is maximum when the brushes are in a north-south position, and minimum (zero) when they are in an east-west position. The particular position which gives zero potential is not, however, of any importance. It is sufficient that the orientation of the brushes of this generator (or any generator) discloses two positions of maximum output and two positions of zero output.

For proper functioning of the inductor compass it is simply necessary that the direction which corresponds to one of these positions of

zero potential be set on the dials of the controller. To determine any unknown direction one rotates the controller, and correspondingly the brushes, until the indicator reads zero, and then reads the direction from the controller dials.

The usual method of steering by this compass is to set aside the desired heading on the controller and then to steer to keep the indicator on zero. A direction exactly opposite to that desired will also give the zero reading, but this is easily avoided by noting that on the correct heading the indicator hand always moves in the direction in which the craft turns. Should it move opposite, the reverse heading is indicated.

Every hour throughout the entire trip the pilot, consulting a chart and set of graphs, makes a change on the controller and a corresponding change in course. There are in all about thirty-three such required changes.

The trip up the coast to Newfoundland is far more pleasant than the take off and little attention is paid to the many instruments that are alive and pulsating.

Just off the Newfoundland coast darkness en-

velops the eastbound traveler and the pilot suddenly changes his attitude of easy indifference to one of alertness and attention to every instrument on the board. The temperature has dropped and the heavy fog and mist have changed to rain. At 38 degrees it begins to freeze on the plane and there is only one thing to do—get out of it, if possible. The motormeter, which is actuated by oil temperature, as the motor is air cooled, shows a decrease in temperature.

The first impulse is evidently to get above it, as the ship is climbing at a pretty steep angle as read from the indication of climb meter and altimeter. The altimeter works on the time-honored theory of air pressure. At the earth's surface it is fourteen pounds a square inch. As one goes up it becomes less and less, until the limits of the outer atmosphere are reached. Just how far that is above the earth is problematical, however, the delicate diaphragm and spring arrangement of this instrument indicate with great accuracy the altitude above the earth's surface. The level of the drome from which the plane takes off is usually considered

as zero. Roosevelt Field being just a little above sea level, the difference is negligible.

At 10,000 feet the machine climbs out of the sleet storm, covered with ice. The last quarter of a waning moon lights the clouds as the plane keeps steadily on its course. During the climb through the clouds, despite the inborn flying instincts of the pilot, he never once neglects his instruments. The turn and bank indicator occasionally gave a slight reading, which immediately catch the pilot's attention and he automatically pushes the rudder bar or "stick" to correct the error.

After flying for several hours above the sleet storm the cloud banks begin to tear up at an altitude that the "Spirit of St. Louis," with its heavy load of gas and oil, could never reach. There is nothing left to do but plug through it and once more the pilot becomes all attention to his instruments. The turn and bank indicator, the earth inductor compass and the air speed indicator become all important factors and while he does not neglect the others in his regular check, these command the most attention.

The turn and bank indicator are essential for

the control of flight under poor conditions of visibility and when it is absolutely essential to keep on an even keel and going straight ahead. It also gives the pilot an excellent gauge when banking and turning, so that he can effect the proper angle and avoid slipping around his turns. It is an indispensable adaptation of the mariner's compass which has been adapted to aerial navigation.

By using a turn indicator, which shows the slightest divergence from straight flight, the pilot avoids turning and his compass will function properly. A straight course is maintained by steering so as to keep the indicator in the central position. By keeping the ball or bubble in the center of its tube, the aircraft is held laterally level when flying straight, or on the correct bank when turning.

The sensitive element of the turn indicating mechanism is a small air-driven gyroscope, operated by the vacuum secured from a venturi tube. The gyro is mounted in such a way that it reacts only to motion about a vertical axis, being unaffected by rolling or pitching.

Constructional details of the turn indicator have been worked out very carefully. The

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Left to Right Asst. Secretary of Commerce McCracken, Asst Secretary of the Navy Warner, Commander Byrd, Colonel Lindbergh, Asst. Secretary of War Davidson.

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Col. Charles A. Lindbergh Leaving Washington for New York

whole instrument is non-magnetic, permitting it to be used close to the compass. Adjustment of sensitiveness may be made to suit any flying conditions. The gyro runs on specially designed precision ball bearings, to which oil is supplied from a reservoir within the gyro. Without any sacrifice of sensitiveness the mechanism of the turn indicator is "damped" so that the hand cannot oscillate even under the roughest conditions.

The air speed indicator seems to remain fairly constant, although, as time wears on it is showing a steady gain and has now reached 110 miles per hour. A glance at the fuel indicator shows the reason. The load, after fifteen hours flying has been reduced over 1,100 pounds and the craft is steadily gaining speed. The air speed indicator, which, like the other instruments on the board was made by the Pioneer Instrument Company of Brooklyn, is a source of constant attention from the pilot, who keeps one eye glued on it and the compass while he makes notations and consults his charts and checks his time and distance as he calculated it from dead reckoning before he took off.

The air speed indicator or pilot tube, as it is sometimes called, is equipped with a dial that reads from 20 to 140 M.P.H. It operates on the principle of air pressure built up in a tube of small diameter. It is a sensitive pressure gauge, and while it has an error due to variations of flight, these errors are known and can be calculated without any difficulty. The dials are calibrated for air pressure at sea level. At greater altitudes the craft is really traveling faster than indicated by the indicator. It gives a plane a safety factor that cannot be obtained by any other structural feature.

Every ship has a certain normal flying speed that can be maintained constantly by the proper use of this instrument. It registers the danger points in aero speed or lack of it. If a plane is driving beyond its structural strength limitations, the air-speed indicator will give the first warning by registering the high speed and long before the vibration of the struggling structure starts it into giving away, the air-speed indicator shows the cause of the trouble. The stalling point, the speed at which the plane loses buoyancy and pitches head first out of control, is also accurately registered. At great alti-

tudes this is not a dangerous state of affairs, because the ship will gain flying speed before it drops 500 feet, but when close to the ground it spells unavoidable tragedy. The forked head of the pilot tube is attached on the "Spirit of St. Louis" to one of the beams on the underside of the port wing.

On through the heavy storm cloud, alert as a hawk, the pilot goes, watching first one and then another of the little black dials with their white figures and hands and luminous markings, making incessant notations and consulting his charts and at stated intervals changing the controller on the all-important earth inductor compass. The mariners' compass mounted over his head reflects the readings under the lubber's line through two mirrors, so that he may get a check on his course from an independent source. The idea of mounting it over his head is matter of space economy, as so many instruments had to be set on the board.

The course and drift indicator installed to the left of him is given scant attention, because it cannot be used in fog or when the weather prevents a clear view of objects below.

Tiring of the never-ending sea of dense

clouds, the pilot decides to descend and, throttling down the motor and assuming a gentle, gliding angle at a slightly diminished speed, the ship is taken down through the clouds until the altometer indicates that the sea level is not far off, but because of the fog and low-lying clouds cannot be seen. Suddenly, from about 100 feet the waves become visible, and without further hesitancy, knowing that nothing is to be gained by dangerous proximity to the sea, the motor is opened full out and the nose of the plane pulled up and a safer altitude attained.

The ceaseless checking of the instruments never abates until daylight comes, relieving the strain of watching those that were essential to affecting stability, and the attention of the pilot then is centered upon his navigating instruments.

When land is sighted the worst of the trip is over and the monotony of navigation from charts and instruments is supplanted by the more pleasant one of pilotage which takes into account those rugged features of coast lines and mountains and inland lakes. The earth inductor compass still figures in the trip, for

corrections are made with the controller every hour, despite the fact that the ship is on its course.

The long twilights of England and France make the latter part of the trip pleasant, as the towns may be distinguished in the semi-darkness even without the lights that gleam from the houses and in the streets.

Paris is a blaze of lights that cannot be missed and in the last hour's dash the instruments are disregarded for the instinct of the bird man, his whole being attuned to the whirr of his engine and the sense of stability that only comes to those who have flown hundreds and hundreds of hours.

The landing flares of Le Bourget are out and after circling the field three times the engine is throttled down and the "stick" pushed forward until the ship assumes the proper gliding angle. The angle is fairly steep, but as it nears the ground it becomes less acute as the pilot pulls the "stick" back. The end of the flare path is reached and with a little jerk of the "stick" backwards the "Spirit of St. Louis" settles to the ground and the Atlantic flight is over. The pilot reaches out and pushes down

the engine switches and the propeller stops.

This is the routine of the flight, devoid of its thrills, as flyers see it who have spent much time above the earth or sea in all kinds of weather.

In the illustrations found elsewhere are shown four outline planes with the three controls for maintaining stability. The horizontal stability is maintained by the left and right motion of the "joy stick," which controls the ailerons. The lateral or fore and aft stability is effected by the same "stick" being moved forward and backward, making the plane dive and climb respectively. The directional stability is obtained by the use of the rudder and the attached rudder bar.

Figure 1 shows a plane diving. The "stick" is pushed forward. This action pulls the elevators of the tail plane down. They react to the rush of air against them and force the nose down.

Figure 2 gives an idea of an airplane's controls when it is climbing. The angle of the controls is accentuated in all of these sketches for clarity, to show what happens. The "stick" is pulled back and the elevators are up. The

air passing over the surface forces the tail down and places the machine in a climbing position.

Figure 3. A plane making a turn to the left. The "stick" is moved to the left until the proper bank is effected. The left aileron going up and the right down forces the plane to move around its fore and aft axis, dropping the left wing slightly. At the same time a little left rudder is applied and the ship continues around the turn. If the bank is not arrested by moving the "stick" back to neutral, it will continue until the machine is over on its back.

Figure 4 gives an idea of the positions of the controls when a plane is in a spinning nose dive. The elevators and rudder form a sort of conical pocket that imparts a twist to the plane, which can only be stopped by bringing the controls back to neutral and letting the plane drop in a straight nose dive, out of which it can be eased by pulling the "stick" back. This is known as a spinning nose dive; a tail-spin, as it is often erroneously called, cannot be made in machines of the present design, which have their centers of gravity and thrust far forward.

(*See details in full page of illustrations.*)

CHAPTER XVII

RECEPTION IN FRANCE, BELGIUM, ENGLAND

When "Lindy's" plane alighted on French soil at Le Bourget at 10:21 o'clock the evening of May 21, and scores of eager arms reached up to help him to the ground, even as he announced ingenuously "I am Captain Lindbergh," the most important chapter in his life up to that minute came to an end, and another chapter, just as remarkable, but in an entirely different way, began.

For to him was accorded a reception such as a triumphant Emperor might have received in the bygone ages of world conquerors, but which in modern history is unrivaled. Even the heroes of the World War, the great statesmen of recent decades, or the most brilliant artists of the past century, including Jenny Lind, the idolized "Swedish Nightingale" of three generations ago, never aroused such universal ad-

miration, applause and acclamation as "Slim" met with wherever he went.

From the moment "Slim's" boyish face bobbed up above the cockpit of his stout plane until distance blurred the flagship Memphis, on which he sailed from France two weeks later, on the evening of June 2, he was the cynosure of hundreds of millions of eyes; Kings and Princes forgot court etiquette in their eagerness to meet him; parliaments suspended their serious business of state to pay homage to him; Europe's biggest cities paused in their work to cheer him, and throughout the civilized world Lindbergh and his flight were the only important topics considered worth discussing.

It started with the frenzied crowd of 20,000 men and women who, after waiting for hours, broke through the police and military cordons at the Le Bourget flying field to be the first to greet the intrepid young American. The "Spirit of St. Louis" had barely touched the ground when the first enthusiastic Frenchmen surrounded it, regardless of whirling propeller and onrushing wheels.

It was a scene of a vast sea of pushing, milling, swirling humanity such as seldom occurs.

The glaring searchlights and signals of the airdrome, all trained on the little craft that had braved, and won over, the elements, gave the picture a fantastic setting.

As soon as "Slim" stood up in the cockpit, a tremendous cheer went up, which was taken up by the thousands further behind until the chorus of 20,000 voices uplifted in thunderous acclamation sounded like the roar of innumerable guns in battle.

"Lindy" looked tremendously tired, but even the fatigue of sitting for a day and a half in one position and without sleep was unable to keep his boyish smile from his lips. The smile was received with another outburst of enthusiastic shouting. Somewhat dazed by the uproar, he began to climb out of the plane.

But as soon as he had swung one leg over the cockpit, scores of hands graspd it and began pulling, and then he was lifted clear of the machine and hoisted on several broad shoulders, whose owners looked up at him with gleaming eyes and proud smiles.

Those unable to get a hold of some sort on the object of their idolization, endeavored to get as near as possible, to feast their eyes on

him and add their personal tributes to the general shouting, with the result that for half an hour "Slim" was marooned in the midst of the huge crowd, his bearers being pushed first this way and then that.

Then two French officers succeeded in pushing their way through the mob. When they got to "Slim," several of the men carrying him obeyed the officers' request to place him on his feet, but in the general excitement he slipped and lost his helmet. This helped to divert the attention of the enthusiastic Frenchmen, who mistook another American, who had picked up the helmet, for Capt. Lindbergh and hoisted him on their shoulders, thus giving "Slim" a chance to slip away and, under the guidance of the French officers, to reach the pavilion where the official reception committee and Myron T. Herrick, the American Ambassador, were waiting.

The wonderful reception left "Lindy" breathless and speechless. When he was face to face with Ambassador Herrick, who shook his hand vigorously and welcomed him in the name of two nations, "Slim" seemed to be all in. In answer to the Ambassador's brief re-

marks, his smile flashed up and he replied, "Thank you. I am awfully happy." But he seemed to have reached the limit of his endurance. The next moment he seemed to be going to sleep on his feet.

Even when a thunderous cry went up for Capt. Lindbergh to show himself on the balcony of the pavilion, he was too tired to answer it, but the crowd kept on shouting until French officials announced that their hero had been carried off by the American Ambassador and probably was in bed by that time. The thousands then surged around the "Spirit of St. Louis" in quest of souvenirs and began to tear off bits of canvas from the wings, but French police and soldiers arrived in time to save the plane from serious damage.

But although he slept in Ambassador Herrick's car which took him to Paris, and was unable to climb the stairs of the Embassy without assistance, the dauntless spirit that had borne him across the broad Atlantic flickered up again for a brief period before he composed himself for his well-earned sleep.

After an invigorating cup of coffee and a bath, he sat up long enough to give a graphic

outline of his record-breaking flight. He was clad in his host's pajamas as he answered questions at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"Why, everything went just right," he declared with shining eyes. "Nothing went wrong on the whole trip. Everything was as I would have asked it except for 1,000 miles of fog and rain in the middle of the Atlantic. I couldn't get over or under it.

"I had to steer dead ahead and thought I should never reach the end of it. I didn't get sleepy, though. I wasn't sleepy all the way. I could not afford to doze off except in clear weather. I hardly got hungry. I had four sandwiches, but ate only one and a half. I took three or four drinks of water.

"I found steering easier than I expected. It was nowhere near so much strain as an automobile drive of half the time. The wind helped a lot and when I realized I was on the French coast long before dark, I sat back and looked for Paris. I picked up what I thought was the Seine and it proved to be, and I could see the city in the distance in the dark. Then I picked out the flying field by the directions and circled once to pick a spot to land. I meant to taxi up

to the shed, but when I saw that crowd I decided I would be torn to pieces."

And with these remarks, "Slim" smiled, leaned back and sank into the arms of Morpheus.

When "Slim" woke up on Sunday afternoon he was the most famous man in the world. But one of the first things he did was to telephone to his mother in far-away Detroit, who had bid him farewell at Curtiss Field but eight days before. It was the first time a private telephone call had ever been made between France and the United States, but after his marvelous feat nothing seemed impossible.

The American Embassy was a bower of flowers, and thousands of other tributes, small, modest gifts as well as costly, pretentious presents, expressing the homage of all classes of the French people, had arrived by the time "Slim" had had his belated breakfast. The whole city of Paris was decorated with American flags, as it had not been since President Wilson's visit there in 1919, and bands and orchestras in every cafe and park played "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia" and other American patriotic songs.

Thousands of messages of congratulation were pouring in from all parts of the world, showing how the young American had caught the admiration of all the nations that had received word of his success by wireless and cable, and scores of prominent men called at the Embassy to leave personal messages of congratulation or to shake hands with him.

The $25,000 prize offered by Raymond Orteig, the New York hotel man, which had inspired "Lindy" with the idea of attempting the non-stop flight and which he had now won, became a small figure beside the stupendous offers that were made to him within twenty-four hours of his arrival in Paris—offers running into hundreds of thousands of dollars—but already at this early stage of his success he showed that money as such played a small part in his ambition.

In his triumph, he remembered the gallant Frenchmen, Capt. Nungesser and Major Coli, who had disappeared in the great void of the Atlantic and whose mothers probably felt their loss the more keenly since he had succeeded. And acting on one of those inspirations that have shown his understanding of the human

heart and that have won him the love of the world as well as its admiration, the first thing he did when he left the American Embassy was to call on Mme. Nungesser in her tiny flat and express to her his admiration for her son, whom he had known in New York, and his hope that she would see him again.

"You have done a wonderful thing, but you must now find him," cried Mme. Nungesser as she took the young American to her bosom. "You are the only man who can do it."

When "Slim" left her, he had succeeded in heartening a sorrowing mother.

But compared with the days that followed, that first Sunday was a day of rest for "Slim." When he got up on Monday and arrayed himself in a suit of clothes belonging to one of the attendants of the Embassy, he found that France, Belgium, England, Sweden, Spain, Germany—in short, all of Europe—were clamoring for him. And with a smile he tried to please them all.

His program started with a visit to President Doumergue of the French Republic. When "Slim" arrived at the Elysée Palace, accompanied by Ambassador Herrick, the steps were

How A New York Crowd Saw the River Parade from an Excursion Steamer

lined with French officers of every rank—veterans of many famous battles of the World War. They stood stiffly at attention to salute their young comrade from across the sea, but then, forgetting formality, they rushed up to him to embrace him and to shake his hand.

After the President had been kept waiting for some time, "Slim" succeeded in extricating himself and was led into the presidential chambers. Without waiting for a formal presentation, President Doumergue stepped forward to meet his guest, shook his hands heartily, then, like an old friend, placed his arm around "Lindy's" shoulder and told him how proud he and the French people were of him and how they loved him.

Then President Doumergue drew Capt. Lindbergh closer, pinned the cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast and kissed him on both cheeks. "Slim's" eyes became moist and his face showed great emotion when the President inquired after his mother, remarked how proud she must be of her son and then placed into his hands a personally written letter to her, in which he expressed his admiration of a mother who had raised such a son as "Lindy."

When the young flyer got back to the Embassy, telegrams of congratulations from King George V. of England and King Gustavus of Sweden were waiting for him.

A big reception by Premier Raymond Poincaré in the Ministry of Finance followed, and all rules and regulations were ignored by the employees who deserted their desks and cheered "Lindy" until they were hoarse. After that Capt. Lindbergh was hurried to the Aero Club de France, where he was decorated with the gold medal, the highest award of this organization and one which only such pioneers of aviation as Louis Bleriot, Farman, Santos Dumont and Latham had received before him.

The following day he had two more novel experiences—he made his début as a public speaker whose words are cabled to all parts of the world.

His maiden speech was made at a luncheon in his honor at the American Club, which for hours before was beleaguered by a big crowd trying to get in. It was a short talk, an example of simplicity and characteristic of his innate modesty. Deafening cheers interrupted him when he declared that "there was no other

country in the world, after America, where we would like to land better than in France." And a minute later he sat down with the remark, "I don't want to take up any more of your time —so I'll quit."

The kissing episode came at a reception given in his honor at the flying field at Le Bourget, which was attended by many famous war aces and their wives. One petite French woman sidled up to him, gazed admiringly into his blue eyes and begged in good English, "May I kiss you?" "Slim" blushed, and it is not recorded whether he assented or not. At any rate he stooped down and the charming girl, standing on her tiptoes, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him warmly. But when some of the other girls and women present began to surround him resolutely and announced, "We'd like to kiss him, too," he fled behind a row of airplanes lined up for him to inspect.

By this time Ambassador Herrick had announced that he had temporarily resigned his post in favor of Capt. Lindbergh who, during his stay in France, was "America's unofficial Ambassador." And on his fourth day in Paris "Slim" gave a demonstration of how he had

cemented the bonds of friendship between the two countries when the Chamber of Deputies dropped all its business and warmly acclaimed him as another envoy of good will such as Benjamin Franklin had been 150 years before.

On that day "Slim" also had luncheon with Louis Bleriot, the Lindbergh of 1909, who was the first man to cross the English Channel, making the flight in his tinderbox machine in thirty-seven minutes. At that time, M. Bleriot recalled smilingly, he was almost as big a hero as "Lindy" is to-day.

But Capt. Lindbergh's short stay in the French capital reached its climax on his fifth day, a Thursday, when he was the official guest of the City of Paris, and the whole population turned out to pay homage to him. A crowd ten times more eager to see him than that which greeted him on his arrival and numbering hundreds of thousands lined the two miles between the American Embassy and the Hotel de Ville (City Hall), and more than once surged forward and completely blocked his way. And the parade which he led was one of the greatest demonstrations ever seen in Paris. Roses strewed the streets along which he rode, and

every tree and every window held three or four times their capacity of shouting spectators. "Lindy" waved his hat and smiled in acknowledgment of the ovations.

While the Gold Medal of the City of Paris was being handed him and speeches were made, the crowds outside howled for their idol to appear on the balcony, and ultimately the ceremonies were cut short and "Slim" was led out on the balcony, accompanied by the American Ambassador. The cheering that continued even after he had disappeared inside again could be heard for miles.

On the same day the young American flyer also visited three of France's veteran soldiers and statesmen, Marshall Foch, Marshall Joffre and Aristide Briand, the Foreign Minister. All three forgot their years as they warmly welcomed him and assured him they were his friends for always.

The next day "Slim" devoted to giving his thanks to the people of Paris in a characteristic way. He borrowed a Nieuport pursuit plane and took it up after a few minutes' instruction. It was the first time since his arrival that "Slim" was alone without being mobbed. Fly-

ing over Paris, he made for the Arc de Triomphe, hovering for a few minutes over the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, then circled around the Eiffel Tower twice and finally went into a tail-spin over the American Embassy. When he returned to Le Bourget, he put on a circus for his French fellow-aviators who watched his breath-taking stunts with admiration and scarcely concealed nervousness, and offered up thanks when once more he stood among them, smiling as they congratulated him on his skill.

Hundreds of thousands of Parisians watched the "Spirit of St. Louis" sail away the following day on its way to Brussels where a King and another nation waited impatiently for "Slim's" arrival. True to his promise, the young hero circled around Paris, taking in the "left bank" as well as the "right bank" and every foubourg before he set the nose of his plane north.

Nearly 50,000 persons were at the Evere airdrome, just outside of Brussels, when he arrived there after a 190-mile flight, which took him over many famous battlefields. Two regiments of soldiers held back the impatient

crowds as Capt. Lindbergh taxied up to the reception committee, and a tumultous greeting went up as soon as his famous smile became visible. But as soon as he had been led to a waiting automobile and started on his way to the American Embassy, the crowds broke through the cordon of soldiers and raced to see the "Spirit of St. Louis."

Followed by a cheering throng of many thousands, "Slim" was escorted from the Embassy to the tomb of Belgian's Unknown Soldier, where he placed a wreath after police had succeeded in clearing a space for him. And many more thousands joined the procession when he drove to the Naval Palace in response to an invitation from the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, heirs to the Belgian throne and the first personages of royal blood "Lindy" had met up to that time. From there Capt. Lindbergh was escorted to the Royal Palace and into the presence of King Albert of the Belgians who decorated him with the Order of Leopold, making him a Chevalier of that order. Among those present at the ceremony were Crown Prince Leopold, whom he had met earlier, Prime Minister Jasper and a group of other

distinguished Belgians. "Slim" was thoroughly at home with King Albert, who chatted with him amiably about aviation and, in return for the young American's story of the trans-Atlantic hop, told him of his own experiences in airplanes, the King being an enthusiastic aviation fan himself.

The King then presented him to Queen Elizabeth and other members of the royal household. While talking with "Lindy," the Queen observed:

"I am sure your mother is proud of you and that she is the happiest woman in the world."

"Lindy" flushed with pleasure as he thanked the Queen.

The famous Croydon airdrome near London —one of the largest aviation fields in the world—was jammed from end to end when the drone of "Lindy's" airplane became audible shortly after 6 o'clock the next afternoon after he had crossed the English Channel on a visit to England.

Provision had been made for a crowd of 50,000 to welcome the young American aviator, but between 100,000 and 200,000 were on hand as the "Spirit of St. Louis" landed, and police-

men, dignitaries in uniform and others in high hats, fences and roped lines—in short, everything that had been so carefully laid out for the official reception—were swept like chaff before a storm when the huge wave of humanity surged forward.

Never in the history of old London has any man, native or foreigner, been given such a reception. The Paris reception was a Sunday school meeting compared with the Gargantuan outburst of enthusiasm that greeted "Lindy" in London.

Capt. Lindbergh barely had time to shut off his motor when the uncontrollable mob closed in on him on all sides like a tidal wave. He sat huddled back in his cockpit when the howling, stampeding, roaring mob surrounded him and his plane. Every one seemed crazy to touch the machine even so much as with a finger tip. They patted it, felt the tenseness of the fabric of the wings, tugged at the propeller, kicked the tires of the landing wheels—and stared. Ten thousands of pairs of eyes stared eagerly and impatiently, waiting for their hero to appear.

"For God's sake, save my machine!"

"Lindy," begged the first policemen who reached the plane and helped him out. Within a few minutes, several hundred "bobbies" had arrived and started pushing back the crowd before the "Spirit of St. Louis" was reduced to wreckage. When he finally reached the quiet precincts of the American Embassy, "Slim" said that he had never been so scared in all his life. But before he left the field, he appeared on the roof of one of the office buildings and after acknowledging the roaring greeting that lasted for many minutes, he shouted through a megaphone:

"I just want to say that this is worse than Le Bourget—or better."

After a comparatively quiet Monday, during which he attended a Memorial Day service in St. Margaret's Church and then laid a wreath on the tomb of Great Britain's Unknown Soldier, "Slim" had his busiest day in Europe. But the outstanding event of that day was his visit to King George and Queen Mary.

King George was waiting for the young American when he was ushered into one of the salons of Buckingham Palace at 10:45 o'clock in the morning. As "Slim" later explained, the

King was quite different from the haughty and aloof personage he had expected. The King was so democratic and showed so much genuine interest in his guest's conversation that "Lindy" had no chance to feel self-conscious or uncomfortable. After a fifteen minutes' chat, Queen Mary joined them and expressed her admiration of Captain Lindbergh's daring flight. The King then bestowed on "Slim" the Flying Force Cross, a decoration held by only a few, Commander Read of the NC-4 and his crew being the only other Americans to whom it has been awarded. Before he left Buckingham Palace, "Lindy" met King George's granddaughter, Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York.

A visit to the Prince of Wales at York House followed. The Prince was cordial in his reception of the young flyer from across the Atlantic and congratulated him on his courage in making the hop across the ocean alone. He asked "Slim" what his plans were for the future, and was informed by his guest that he meant to stick to the flying game.

Before being received by the members of the Royal Family, Captain Lindbergh called at No.

10 Downing Street, the famous residence of England's Prime Ministers. Premier Stanley Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin welcomed him cordially, and the Premier, from the balcony of "No. 10" showed him the trooping of the colors, one of the time-honored military ceremonies of London.

In the afternoon, while he was the guest of Lady Astor in the distinguished strangers' gallery, the House of Commons forgot its debates for a short time and all its members rose to salute him. And a few hours later, when he appeared at the annual Derby Ball at Albert Hall, arriving almost at the same time as the Prince of Wales, dancing was suspended while the band struck up "Yankee Doodle" and then somebody began singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," a tune which was taken up by all the prominent members of the nobility present, even the Prince of Wales joining in. Then there was the usual cry, "Speech!"—a cry now familiar to "Lindy," and he answered briefly by assuring his admirers that the reception had been "one of the greatest of my life."

Earlier in the day he was the guest of honor at a luncheon of the Air Council, at which Sir

Samuel Hoare, Secretary for the Air, offered the following toast:

"To-day I ask you to drink to the health of Captain Lindbergh as the pilot who has broken the world's record and as a worthy representative of our close friends and war allies, the pilots of the United States of America. Still more, however, do I ask you to drink to his health as a young man who embodies the spirit of adventure and lights up the world with a flash of courage and daring, and, I am glad to say, of success."

The next day was "Derby Day," the greatest sporting holiday of the year in England, and "Lindy" shared the limelight with King George and Queen Mary at the famous race-course. It was "Slim's" first "Derby" and, incidentally, also his first attendance at the races anywhere. And when the great classic was being run off and everybody, even the King and Queen, rose to their feet in their excitement, Captain Lindbergh alone remained in his seat, looking bored rather than thrilled.

"Well, did you have a little flutter, Captain?" an English reporter asked him after he returned to London.

"A flutter?" repeated "Lindy," somewhat mystified.

"That means, did you have a bet?"

"Oh, I thought it was something to do with the heart," laughed the flyer. "No, I didn't even try to back the winner, though many people gave me the inside information—and most of it would have been wrong. But I must remember that about the flutter. We have strange terms in aëronautics, but racing seems to have it beat."

"So you still prefer to be an airman, rather than a jockey?" he was asked.

"I wouldn't stand much chance against those wonderful little men," "Slim" replied. "I think they need as much courage as a pilot, if not more. What a scramble as the horses dashed away from the post! I should have been scared on one of those horses. Give me the loneliness of the Atlantic."

It was on this day that Captain Lindbergh accepted President Coolidge's invitation to return home on the U.S.S. *Memphis* on June 2. Having personally supervised the dismantling of the "Spirit of St. Louis" at Gosport, near Southampton, and given instructions as to how

it was to be crated, "Lindy" resigned himself to being parted from the plane for a short time and found cheer in the thought that the machine would cross with him on the same ship.

At a banquet in the evening, given by the American Societies, Captain Lindbergh paid a sincere tribute to the English flyers who had made the first flight across the Atlantic.

"Alcock and Brown were the first men to fly the Atlantic," he said. "I hope the flight we just made will aid in the development of aviation. We must not forget the wonderful flights of British airmen to India and other distant points, which have been the source of so much encouragement to us in America. Then again during the war we had marvelous feats of flying on the part of British and other Allied flyers, and these feats will never again be equalled in courage and daring."

In accordance with his promise to the French people that he would start on his return trip to America from their country, "Lindy" left London the following day in a fighting plane placed at his disposal by the Royal Air Force, but a dense fog over the Channel caused him to interrupt his flight at the Kenley airdrome

where he spent the night as the guest of his English brother-flyers. The next morning he started again, although the air was still foggy, and while flying with a regular passenger plane that was acting as a guide, he looped the loop above the Channel for the entertainment of the other plane's passengers.

Before leaving Paris on his way home, "Slim" was again fêted and honored by the population, by societies, veterans' organizations, and private individuals in every walk of life. Among the honors conferred on him was the insignia of the Lafayette Escadrille, the American aviation squadron which fought with France before the United States entered the war.

Living up to his reputation of traveling only in the air, until the last minute he was on European soil, "Lindy" made the trip from Paris to Cherbourg in another borrowed airplane, accompanied by a French plane. The seaport town of Cherbourg, where many great personages have embarked and debarked, gave "Lindy" another reception which was unrivaled in its history.

When the hour of the departure of the

THE NEW YORK PARADE IN THE GRAND CANYON OF BROADWAY NEAR WALL STREET

GREAT NEW YORK PARADE AT THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND MAIDEN LANE.

U.S.S. *Memphis* approached, the streets near the harbor and the docks were black with people. Just before he stepped aboard the launch, "Slim" went into the Gare Maritime (Marine Railroad Station) and unveiled a plaque commemorating his first reaching France near Cherbourg. The crowds broke through the police lines and jammed the building, so that a ruse had to be resorted to to permit his escape.

As the launch with Captain Lindbergh drew alongside the cruiser, whose crew was lined up to greet him, all the whistles in the harbor began to blow and flags and banners went up on every ship in sight.

"When are you coming back? When are you coming back?" were the last words "Slim" was able to hear as the anchors were weighed.

There were many moist eyes on shore as the big cruiser faded in the distance, and millions of hearts in France and many other European countries were filled with regret when news of his leaving was broadcast.

But on the other side of the Atlantic, a hundred and twenty millions of his own people were waiting impatiently to take him to their heart.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE PERILS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC

The perils of the North Atlantic air, its sudden angers, its savage cruelties, were well known to "Slim" Lindbergh when he set forth to dare and overcome them. They had never come within his own experience, to be sure, but he knew from report and from tragic silence just what that windy waste had done to his venturesome clan.

He had vividly before him the utter disappearance of Captain Charles Nungesser, France's ace of aces, and his skilled navigator, Major Francois Coli, while seeking the same palm for which he was to strive, flight between New York and Paris, though they had elected to take the sterner western course. They were last seen on May 8, 1927, a-wing and roaring toward their goal. And only twelve days later, the gallant Frenchmen gone to the unknown

grave of the soldier, "Slim" took off along the same path that had led them to destruction.

If "Slim" ever gave a thought to this, beyond regret, he assuredly evinced no sign of it, and what he did later proves it, because air pilots must not let such things linger in their minds, else they cease to be air pilots.

But long before this, he had learned what the sky-hooting Atlantic could do to any who had the temerity to brave its tossing air levels on man-made wings. Because graphic accounts of almost fatal encounters with adverse weather conditions had been brought back by Commander A. C. Read, U.S.N.; Harry Hawker, the plucky British civilian flyer; Captain Sir John Alcock, R.A.F.; the United States' Around the World Flyers, led by Major Martin, who was lost in the first stages of this historic flight in a fog off the Alaskan coast; Captain Ross-Smith, Major Sir Alan Cobham and Captain Cedric Howell, of the British Royal Air Force; Commander the Marquis Francesco di Pinedo, of Italy, who "blazed the trails" to Australia and the Far East, and flew his plane to Africa, South America and the United States, and then was forced to land in

the sea 150 miles from the Azores on a flight from Newfoundland; Commander Richard E. Byrd, U.S.N., the Pole flyer, whom he forestalled on the flight to Paris, and the aeronauts of the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile Expedition to the North Pole.

The two notable exceptions in the history of trans-Atlantic hops are the flights of the big rigid lighter-than-air ship, the R-34, the British craft, and the ZR-3, built for the United States in Germany.

Both of these dirigibles seemed to come through without the interferences that proved so hazardous for the heavier-than-air planes. The R-34, it will be recalled, made the trip in June, 1919, and returned to Pulham, England, after spending a few days at Mineola.

The flights, both East and West, were made during the period when the Atlantic is as smooth as the proverbial mill pond. The ZR-3, later named Los Angeles, picked a less favorable time of the year for her flight from Friedrichshafen, Germany, to Lakehurst, which was made in October, 1924. However, she came through in one of those quiet periods with little or no trouble. The only unfavorable condition met

by either of these Leviathans of the air was some intermittent fog that had no effect upon their progress, thanks to the aid of directional wireless.

With few exceptions in the past eight years of aerial conquest, the epoch-making flights that have carried the conquerors of the uncharted air to the far corners of the world, weather had been a dominant factor.

Which flyer encountered the worst weather no one will ever know, because some of them never returned to recount their adventures. Flyers have succumbed in all quarters of the globe to the implacable antagonism of wind and storm. From the bleak, ice-bound, wind-swept wastes of the North Atlantic to the torrid, stifling atmosphere of the Far East death has stalked the airways.

Defects in engines, plane construction and the instruments for their proper control and guidance are seldom at fault in these daring flights. It is not in the man-made things that the aviator finds his limitations.

Harry Hawker is a notable exception to this, for in his 14-hour effort to span the Atlantic in a single flight in May, 1919, the

failure of a water filter, which permitted the overheating of his motor, was the direct cause of his drop into the ocean. He had against him low-lying clouds, heavy seas and a dense fog, to say nothing of a strong northerly gale which blew him 150 miles south of his course. Commander McKenzie Grieve, R.N., who was his navigator, found it difficult, because of the poor visibility and continual fog, to do much better than make rough calculations.

At the time Hawker made his flight with Grieve, a prize of $25,000 for a trans-Atlantic flight had been offered by the *Daily Mail* of London, and though these two airmen failed in their effort, it was so stirring in its character that a consolation prize of the same amount was presented to each of them.

Harry Hawker is dead, having crashed in flames at Hendon, England, two years after his attempted crossing of the Atlantic, but his name will never be forgotten.

There is something of a parallel between the Hawker flight and the fateful one of Nungesser and Coli, as he and Grieve sought to "beat everybody else to it" by taking off over the sea several days before it was expected they would.

And they did it with no instruments save a compass—there were then none of the delicate devices which serve to-day to guide air pilots—so they had to lay their course almost by dead reckoning.

In their little Sopwith biplane, the same type of craft the British had used in the World War, they rose from the airdrome at St. John's, Newfoundland, on the afternoon of May 18, 1919. The plane looked hardly larger than a toy when it maneuvered around until Hawker dropped his landing gear. This was one of the most daring strokes of his adventure, for he had no pontoons and had he succeeded in making Ireland, his objective, he would virtually have had to dive into the earth in order to make a landing.

Word flashed around the globe that the first Atlantic flight was under way. The daring of the adventure, at a time when every other prospective Atlantic flyer was taking all the time he pleased to assure a maximum of safety, gave a thrill to the entire civilized world.

But the hours wore on and lengthened into days. And no word came from Hawker. Wire-

less the world over was kept on the alert to pick up any scrap of message, but there was only silence. And, finally, eight days after the heroic pair had hopped off, a reluctant world concluded that death had flown with Hawker and Grieve.

There was one, however, who had reached no such conclusion. This was Mrs. Harry Hawker, the pilot's wife, who met all inquiries at her home in London with a smile.

"You just wait," she replied to all questions. "He'll show up. I have a premonition of it."

Then on May 25, a sleepy coast guard at Butt of Lewis, the northernmost point of the Hebrides, was signaled by a small steamer which pulled in perilously near the rocks to tell him something. Groaning at the interruption he asked by means of flags, what was wanted.

"Saved hands of Sopwith airplane," the signal came back.

"Is it Hawker?" asked the fast-awakening coast guard.

"Yes," proclaimed the ship's flags.

So the news was flashed to a world already in mourning. Later, when the British Government sent a destroyer to take the flyers off the

Danish ship and they were landed at Thurso, Scotland, the story was told.

Hawker and Grieve learned soon after they had hopped off that they could never make it. Trouble developed in the water filter of their radiator, and at times it became so hot that their water boiled for hours. They had been forced to go up 15,000 feet to fly over a tremendous fog bank, but then had to come down into the bank to cool their water. They had flown about seven hours when they knew they would have to give up, so they cruised around in search of a ship, and finally sighted the *Mary,* the little Danish ship.

The *Mary* had no wireless, so there were no means of flashing word of the rescue until the ship sighted land. The delay was just eight days.

Harry Hawker will always be remembered as a man who gambled courageously with death. His very name had become a synonym for taking great risks with a light heart and with a positive indifference to attendant perils. Prior to his death he had become known among his friends as "the man who won't be killed," and up to his fatal accident he probably had

more escapes from death than any other aviator or automobile driver in the world.

Even before he took up flying his life had been filled with daring things.

His real career in the air began in 1912, when he flew a Farman biplane in England. In 1913 he won the altitude contest at Hendon, England, making 7,400 feet, and a short time later he went up 10,500 feet with two passengers. The next year he fell 1,000 feet at Brooklands, England, and when an appalled assemblage rushed to his plane to extricate his body, he got to his feet, brushed himself off and smiled. For, outside of a few scratches, he appeared to be unhurt.

During the war he carried out invaluable tests for the Sopwith Aviation Company of England, and it was in a Sopwith plane that he attained his greatest height. This was 24,408 feet, made at Brooklands in 1917.

It was July 12, 1921, that his end came. He had been testing a plane for an aerial derby at Hendon, where he had made his first flights, and had reached an altitude of about 5,000 feet when his machine went wrong.

Those watching him from the ground saw

him nose his plane earthward in an attempt to make a landing. Some said he could have accomplished this had it not been for the presence of a crowd on a plot of ground he had hoped to use for his landing.

In his effort to avoid coming down in the midst of this crowd, he swerved too suddenly and his engine burst into flames and side-slipped when he was yet about 300 feet from the ground. Hawker fell clear of the machine, landing about 100 feet away, a blazing torch. Several policemen and a doctor rushed to his aid, but by the time they had extinguished the flames he was so badly burned that he died ten minutes later in the surgeon's arms.

Then, as the result of an inquest, his friends received the shock of their lives. For it was disclosed that spinal tuberculosis, caused by his 1,000-foot fall in 1914, had made inroads to such an extent that it resulted in a paralytic stroke in mid-air. In short, despite the fact that he had never mentioned the fact to any of his intimates, he probably had known all the while that his days were numbered. In the face of this he was priming his machine to enter one of England's greatest air derbies.

The famous flight of the NC-4 and the crew under Commander Albert Cushing Read, U.S.N., the first airship to cross the Atlantic, which started from Trepassey on April 8, 1919, is replete with the hazards imposed by the elements. Fog, rain and high winds buffeted and threw its companions, the NC-1 and NC-3, about until their navigators became lost and were forced to a landing in a heavy sea.

The NC-1 broke up after her crew had been taken off by one of the patrol boats, and the NC-3, after being flung about like a chip for three days, finally made port under her own power. She taxied into Porta Delgada with a crippled wing and was disabled beyond repair.

Commander Read was the only one who weathered the storms. He landed on schedule in the harbor of Horta, in the Azores, without mishap, and went on to Lisbon, Portugal, completing the first flight under the most trying of weather conditions.

The NC-3 ran into sudden squalls of such violence that Commander J. H. Powers, her skipper, was forced to turn and fly ahead of them to avoid being wrecked.

Capt. Sir John Alcock, who made the first

non-stop flight between the New and Old Worlds in June, 1919, had a continual battle with fog, sleet, mist, rain and poor visibility. At no altitude between the crests of the waves and 13,000 feet did he find strata favorable to aerial navigation. He followed in his sixteen-hour and twelve-minute flight a lane of the trans-Atlantic steamers, and not once was a ship sighted that could have lent possible aid in the event of a forced landing. From the time he left Newfoundland until he came down at Clifden, Ireland, not a soul set eyes on him.

Alcock's plane was ice-coated practically the entire distance. "It was hailing and snowing," he said in recounting the troubles of the flight. "The machine was covered with ice by 6 o'clock in the morning and remained so until an hour before we landed. My radiator shutter and water temperature indicator were covered with ice for more than five hours."

Alcock flew so long without a horizon, through fog banks and low clouds that the sixth sense of stability, so pertinently a part of a successful flyer's endowment, became deadened, and he found himself doing perilous flat spins, loops and dives.

Lieut. Sir Arthur W. Brown, his navigator, made four observations during the flight which were permitted by breaks in the clouds which only momentarily afforded a "shot" at the sun, the moon, the North star and Vega. Beyond this, a crudely developed wireless direction finder and a compass were their only aids.

Strange as it may seem, Alcock met death in a fog while flying to an international aerial meet near Dieppe, France.

Capt. Ross Smith, who in 1919 made a dash half way around the world from Hounslow, England, to Port Darwin, Australia, in twenty-eight days, covered the greater part of his 11,294-mile flight in the teeth of weather conditions. In his trip across Europe, Africa, Arabia, India, China and Australia he encountered about every kind of them.

The shortness of his hops made it possible for him to descend when conditions aloft threatened his destruction. The only time that he forced the issue against his better judgment in a gamble with the weather was when Poulette, the French entrant in the race, appeared to have a chance to nose Smith out of the prize money.

The two flyers met at Rangoon and flew together to Bankok. When they departed an equatorial gale caught Poulette and threw him back to Rangoon. Smith, by good fortune, skirted to the north of the storm and came through. Snow, fog and blinding rain, bitter cold and intense heat were encountered in a single day and in his diary Smith makes the notation: "The worst flying conditions I have ever encountered."

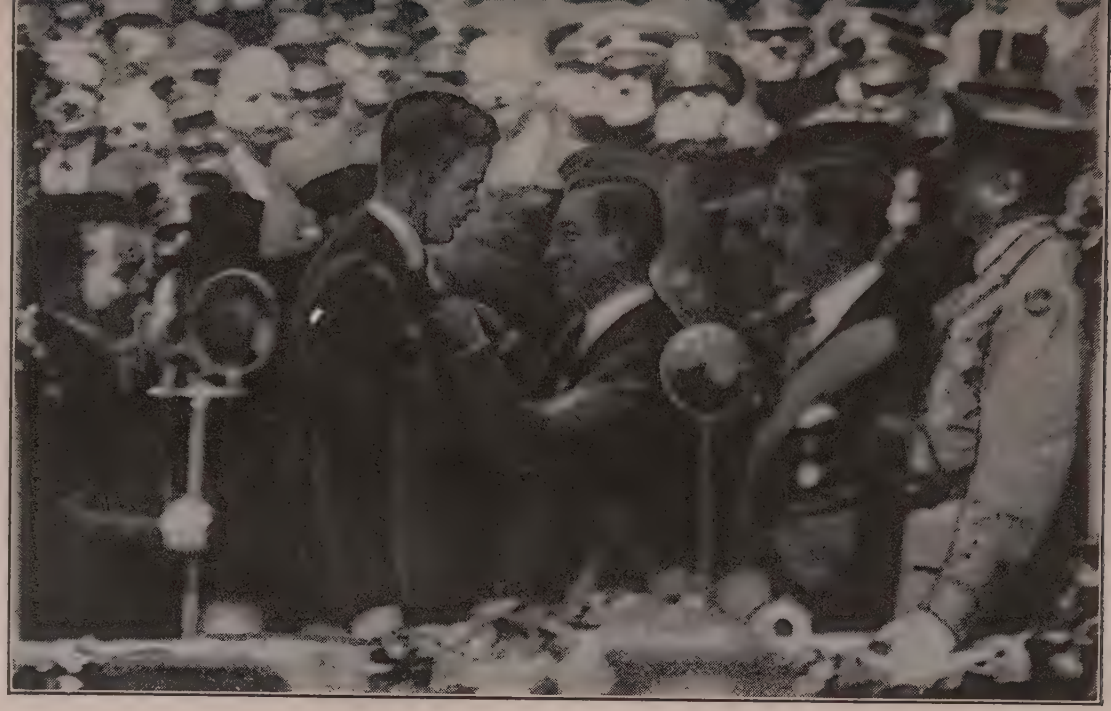
Capt. Smith, while preparing for a 'round the world flight, was killed at Brooklands in April, 1922.

The American Around the World Flyers have a log of their trip that speaks volumes on the adversity of wind and weather, which is an important chapter in the great human chronicle of the attempts of man to master the elements. The weather was against them practically every step of the way, and when they landed, some five and a half months after leaving California, at Ice Tickle, Labrador, in the teeth of a forty-mile gale, they had passed through tornadoes, blizzards, fogs in the Pacific, typhoons off Japan, monsoons, sand storms and over icebergs and through North Atlantic gales and

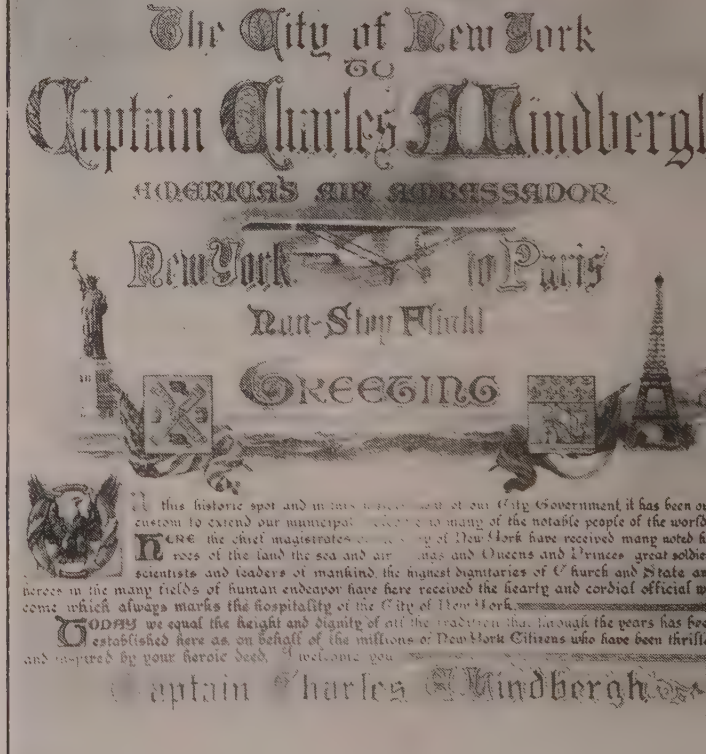
fogs. From the day that Major Martin crashed in an Alaskan fog the outcome of the flight was a gamble with the weather. First one and then the other of the army planes was reported lost in a storm, but invariably turned up a few days later in some sheltering haven.

Commander John Rodgers, who attempted a flight from San Francisco, August 31, 1925, to Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands, was forced down within a few hundred miles of his goal by lack of gasoline. Heavy head winds cut down his ground speed so that it was impossible with the supply of fuel he carried to make good his jump. The last message received from him before he disappeared for nine days with his crew was the one sent to the United States Ship *Tangiers,* a mine sweeper that was stationed in the Pacific for the flight, which said: "Are you in this hellish rain too? We will crack up if we have to land in this rough sea without motor power."

The wireless of the PN-9, his seaplane, then went out of commission and nothing more was heard of him until September 10, when the submarine R-4 picked him up as it was about to abandon the search.



Mayor Walker Presenting The Medal of Valor



THE ILLUMINATED SCROLL PRESENTED TO COL. LINDBERGH BY MAYOR WALKER, NEW YORK CITY

A year later, almost to the day, Rodgers was killed while landing a plane at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

Major Sir Alan Cobham, who during the last three years has flown a distance equivalent to a trip to the moon, has had some interesting and hair-raising experiences, thanks to the unexpected and unforeseen changes in weather. His short hops in his flight to India in 1925, as well as his trip from London to Melbourne in 1925, and his flight from London to Cape Town and return last year, have spared him the necessity of pushing on against inevitable destruction. If Cobham had been faced with no alternative but to fly ahead as trans-Atlantic airmen must, he would probably have long since perished. Regardless of what comes or goes the only chance of the trans-Atlantic flyer is to plug straight through and trust to the aviator's trinity—the three G's—the Grace of God and Gravity.

Most of Cobham's difficulties were encountered in a rarified atmosphere, where the terrific heat of the sun digs death traps or holes in the air that let a plane drop thousands of feet before it attains sufficient speed to get the

proper reaction of air pressure on its wings to afford buoyancy. Because of these pockets and the torturing effect of blistering hot air blowing over one at the rate of 120 or 130 miles an hour, Cobham prefers to do his flying of the future in the northern part of the Northern Hemisphere.

Commander the Marquis di Pinedo, who had already flown from Rome to Tokio, was on the last lap of a flight which had taken him from Italy to Africa, across the Atlantic, over South American jungles, across the United States and a large part of Canada, when, on May 24, 1927, he was found drifting in his plane 200 miles north of the Azores. He had taken off from Trepassy, Newfoundland, the day before, bound for these islands, but was found considerably north of the straight path.

Strong head winds had reduced his speed to one-third and thus exhausted his gas supply. He came down upon the sea near a Portuguese sailing vessel, which took him in tow. Two days later the Italian steamship *Superga* picked up him and his crew and took them to Azores.

The Marquis is probably the most careful of

all the great flyers, and when faced with dangerous atmospheric conditions lets discretion outweigh a desire to tilt with the elements in playing a game where the cards are stacked against him. In May, 1927, while flying from Boston to Philadelphia, he ran into heavy fog and threatening atmospheric conditions, and without further ado came to a landing in the East River. There he rode at anchor until a change in conditions permitted him to proceed in safety. He takes no foolhardy chances, as is evidenced in his hop across the South Atlantic. He had hoped to make Brazil in one jump and passed some islands in his dash for the mainland, when he noticed the water was too rough and the winds too high for safety, so he turned about and went back to the islands.

Lieut. Commander Richard E. Byrd, in his fifteen-hour dash from Spitzbergen to the North Pole, encountered little of the hazards of the Arctic air, and aside from being frostbitten, was little worse for his experience.

The flight of the Norge, the Italian dirigible, from Rome to Teller, Alaska, across the top of the earth in May of 1926 was a battle against the weather that only the proverbial

luck of Roald Amundsen, the veteran Arctic explorer, could have overcome. Heavy winds and dense fog as well as an accumulation of ice on the covering of the big ship were the elements pitted against them in a twenty-five-hour battle to make a safe landing. Had they been flying a machine of the heavier than air type it is more than probable that they would still be counted among the missing.

In 1923 the big rigid Dixmude, which flew from Marseilles to the Sahara and back, a distance of 4,500 miles, came to an untimely end in a lightning storm off the coast of Sicily. Several months later her fate was definitely known when a charred gas tank was washed ashore.

Our own ill-fated Shenandoah, which came down in the Ohio Valley after being broken in half during a storm, is mute evidence of the will and power of the forces of nature.

Somewhere back of the "great beyond," in a place as remote as the dwelling of the Dawn, in the Valhalla to which all heroes of the air must finally wend their way, lies the secret not only of Nungesser's failure but that of the others who have gambled with the elements and lost.

CHAPTER XIX

"LINDY" ARRIVES ON THE U.S.S. MEMPHIS—AND WASHINGTON'S SPLENDID RECEPTION

THE crowd which was admitted to the Washington Navy Yard only by card, stamped with the seal of the Navy Department, began arriving there at 9 o'clock on the morning of June 11, 1927, to greet the distinguished youth. All paths led to the Mayflower's wharf, where lay the President's yacht. She had been warped up to the west end of the pier to give the U.S.S. Memphis place of honor, when she would reach the yard.

At 9:35 the large dirigible Los Angeles appeared to the south of the Navy Yard, on the Virginia shore. There was a slight haze, but the Los Angeles gleamed silver in the sun. She turned and drove southward, until almost lost in the haze. She came back at 10:15 o'clock and hovered over Bolling Field, where a great cloud of dust showed that the army squadron of fighting planes from Selfridge Field, De-

troit, was about to take off for the flight down the river to meet the Memphis and escort her to the yard.

The first of this squadron took the air at 10:20 o'clock, three roaring planes; then came squads of threes and two until in five minutes twenty-five of the war birds were aloft. They came across the Anacostia River, which at the yard is the water front, made a wide turn over the Navy Yard, the first three circling until the others were a-wing, in battle formation, in about ten minutes.

The army's Martin bombers rose from Bolling Field, swung widely to the west and then came up over the Anacostia field. At the same moment four navy hydroplanes come roaring up from the southern mist, having flown from Norfolk.

As time drew near for the U.S.S. Memphis to appear off Haynes Point, the Selfridge Field squadron circled overhead in constantly changing formation. The first glimpse of the crowd at the Navy Yard had of the Memphis was at 10:45 (Eastern Time) when her masts appeared over the trees and roofs of the Anacostia Air Station.

The reception committee, army and navy officers with all their decorations on and civilians arrived at the Mayflower's pier at 11 o'clock in a great column of automobiles. The Navy Yard Band appeared and lined up at the west end of the wharf.

The saluting battery just off the Mayflower's bow fired fifteen guns for Vice-Admiral Burrage, on the U.S.S. Memphis, commander of the European squadron, to which the cruiser made instant response.

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur arrived at 11:15 and received his nineteen guns. A minute later the U.S.S. Memphis rounded Haynes Point and turned into the Navy Yard waters.

At 11:30 the cruiser was almost abreast of the Mayflower. Less than five minutes after the bells had struck the half hour the U.S.S. Memphis drew alongside the wharf, a roaring cheer went up from the crowd. Lindbergh was standing in the port wing of the flying bridge. He was bareheaded and wore his familiar blue serge suit.

He replied to the cheers with a constantly repeated salute. It was so easy to recognize the

fair-haired youth over whom a whole world had gone mad.

Captain Lindbergh appeared on deck at a quarter before 12 and was urged to stand in the gangway by one of the cruiser's officers. He looked embarrassed, standing before such a crowd—the Cabinet, the Supreme Court Justices and many of the highest ranking officers of the navy and army. His arms hung at his side, one hand holding his dark gray soft hat.

The first person to go aboard was Mrs. Lindbergh and met her distinguished son in his stateroom.

In a short time the captain and his mother appeared on deck and cheers from the crowd rang out as soon as his figure became recognizable and he answered with repeated salutes in military form. The only thing unmilitary was his smile, and he looked extremely young and boyish in the midst of all that acclaim. He clung close to the bridge rail, an elbow resting on it, when he relaxed his military posture. The Navy Yard Band, mean time, was blaring out "Nancy Lee" and other nautical airs.

There was a splendid and colorful parade along Washington's historic streets as vanguard

for Colonel Lindbergh. Crack troops of the Government forces, army and navy, and the militia of the District were in line, led by some of the most distinguished soldiers of the Nation. The parade formed at the Peace Monument, at the foot of the western capitol slope, and proceeded to the grounds surrounding the Washington Monument, south of the White House, where 250,000 people were assembled for the exercises. Washington had never seen such a demonstration.

As Lindbergh neared the Monument grounds several companies of infantry were drawn up in two long facing lines, to form a lane down which he approached the President's stand across a broad stretch of turf.

The President and his party, which included Dwight Morrow, Secretary Mellon, Secretary Kellogg, Attorney General Sergeant and others, were sheltered from the sun. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, in a flanking stand, took refuge under a black parasol.

Seated beside his mother in the automobile, with John Hays Hammond, Lindbergh arrived at the President's stand at 1 o'clock. The President stepped forward and shook the young

man's hand. Then, as the multitude cheered, he took a seat between the President, on the latter's left, and Secretary of War Davis.

A moment later President Coolidge began his address. He spoke of the great achievements of the army and navy flyers in their record flights. He spoke of Nungesser and Coli. Then he came to "Slim" and his victory.

When the President spoke of Mrs. Lindbergh, the entire multitude cheered. Mrs. Coolidge rose and led the applause in the stand. She asked Mrs. Lindbergh to rise, and then the cheering was redoubled. The Colonel turned and smiled at his mother as if he enjoyed this more than all the rest of it.

Of Mrs. Lindbergh, President Coolidge said: "She has permitted neither money nor fame to interfere with her loyal duty."

"The flight of this young man," he went on, "was no haphazard adventure, but taken in all seriousness, in the sport of his Viking ancestors. The execution of his project was an exhibition of perfect art. This country will never forget the reception he received at the hands of the President and the people of France.

"The plane he flew was a product of Amer-

ican genius and construction, more than 100 American companies having contributed material for it."

Then he turned toward the young pilot.

"This young man who achieved this thing is now here, (cheers) Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh of the Army Reserves. As President of the United States, I bestow upon Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh the Distinguished Flying Cross as a symbol of what he has done."

Secretary Davis rose and extended the medal to the President. Colonel Lindbergh rose to his feet. Our newest Colonel tightened his mouth, because he seemed most uncomfortable. Then the President pinned the badge on Colonel Lindbergh's breast, and put an arm on the boy's shoulder and patted him.

The Colonel bent forward, gave his thanks in a few words, and sat down while the crowd cheered.

The moment the medal was affixed, a great flock of pigeons was released from a cage below the desk at which the President had spoken. The birds rose like a flock of planes, wheeled and soared off to the west.

Now the President called Colonel Lind-

bergh to the speaker's desk, and with a wave of the hand by way of introducing him to the crowd, took his seat. The youth stepped forward to the desk and the microphones set up there, and leaning forward so that his voice might be clearly heard, delivered a short speech.

His simple speech was: "On the evening of the 21st of May last I arrived in Le Bourget, Paris. During the week I spent in France, the day in Belgium and the short period in England, the people of France and the people of Europe requested that I bring back to the people of America one message from the people of France and the people of Europe.

"At every gathering, at every meeting I attended were the same words:

" 'You have seen the affection of the people of France for the people of America demonstrated to you,' (Cheers). 'Upon your return to your country take back with you this message from France and Europe to the United States of America.' "

"I thank you."

On Monday morning, June 13th, 1927, "Slim" flew to New York in an army pursuit plane in two hours and two minutes.

CHAPTER XX

NEW YORK'S GREAT WELCOME

On Monday, June 13th, New York shone like a rainbow to Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in its tribute to his achievement and his character and warmed his heart with a glow of affection and respect.

He was late in reaching the metropolis and the millions anxious to pay him tribute, but his welcome was the most overwhelming he has experienced or will encounter. The New York reception was a climax which probably never again will be attained in a similar event.

Through the long hours of waiting for the hero of the day to appear on the soil of Manhattan the more than two million persons, packed at every vantage point from the Battery to Central Park, maintained a patient vigil. But they were not without entertainment. Swarms of airplanes darted to and fro in the sky, the military parade, passing an hour before

the arrival of the guest of honor at the City Hall and formed a preliminary and, in itself, a remarkable show and then there was the eye-filling, soul stirring influence of the crowd itself.

Colonel Lindbergh came to New York from Washington in an army pursuit plane, landing at Mitchel Field two minutes before noon. In less than five minutes he had transferred to an amphibian plane, which conveyed him to the surface of the Narrows, where he boarded the city reception boat Macom. He flew from the capital at the rate of 140 miles an hour.

On this fast boat, attended by an escort of air and water craft such as has never been seen in these parts he rode to the Battery, arriving at 1:35 o'clock, to be greeted by his mother as he stepped ashore. There was some delay in his departure from the Battery. His military escort had departed long before.

The deafening din attending his arrival was beyond conception of those not within its range. Most of it was accomplished by steam whistles and sirens and automobile horns. As soon as he got into the midst of his countrymen the sound of cheers drowned all other sounds.

Standing erect, apparently stunned by the

magnitude of his greeting, he rode up lower Broadway, almost overwhelmed by the showers of confetti and tape descending upon him from skyscraper windows and roofs. It was like a snow storm. At City Hall, where Mayor Walker and his cabinet had reviewed the military parade, the young pride of America entered upon the first phase of his official reception to the city which looks upon him as an adopted son because it was from here that he launched himself upon an adventure which thrilled the world.

Undoubtedly the crowd which assembled to greet Colonel Lindbergh was the greatest which ever taxed the capacity of downtown New York.

Observers from the ground were thrilled and awed by the crowds lining the edges of the roofs overlooking Broadway in the skyscraper district. Never before have watchers been driven to the roofs in great numbers. The roof of the Post Office Building on the Broadway and Mail Street sides was a field from which hundreds viewed the spectacle.

The variegated bonnets and gowns of the women and the white straw hats of the men

combined to give the streets, viewed from above, the aspect of corridors of flower gardens.

Those of the aviators flying over the city while the parade was in progress who saw service in France must have been reminded, as they looked down on the roofs and streets and park spots from the Battery to Central Park, of the Oriental rug like appearance of the poppy fields in the districts behind the trenches.

The rain of torn papers and ticker tape in the downtown section endured for more than five hours.

Within a mile of the point in Roosevelt Field from which he set out on May 20 in his pet little plane on his epochal trip to Paris Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh came to earth again at 11:58 o'clock, June 13, in Mitchel Field. He had flown from Washington in an army pursuit plane, which he had never seen before he entered the cockpit, in two hours and two minutes.

Some 10,000 had assembled at Mitchel Field when he landed, although no public announcement of his destination had been made until three hours before. The army plane had no

CHARLES MACAULEY PRESENTING MRS. LINDBERGH WITH A DRAWING
THAT HE DREW OF HER SON

SHOWING COL. LINDBERGH IN THE OFFICIAL CAR IN THE NEW YORK PA-

sooner stopped than "Lindy" jumped out, to be greeted by several army flyers.

An army car was nearby. "Lindy" climbed into it and was swiftly conveyed to the east side of the field where the San Francisco, one of the amphibian Good Will planes, which made the trip to South America was in waiting. The pilot was Captain Ira C. Baker, who guided the plane on its South American flight.

The amphibian took off at 12:02 o'clock. Colonel Lindbergh had been on the field only four minutes. Captain Baker guided the San Francisco to the surface of the water in the Narrows at 12:26 o'clock and a small launch drew alongside to transfer the guest of honor to the city reception boat Macom for the trip to the Battery under an escort of craft never before seen in this harbor except when there was a naval display.

Save for his disappointment in not being able to return to his starting point in his Spirit of St. Louis, young Colonel Lindbergh was quite satisfied with having completed another return leg of his adventure.

In his flight over New York, Lindbergh had seen the great congestion of vessels in the upper

bay and that gave him an idea of the magnitude of the reception New York had prepared for him.

Never before has there been seen such a collection of craft of all sizes and varied motive power as that which covered the surface of the Narrows and the Upper Bay when Lindbergh arrived, never has there been heard in this harbor such a din of steamship and steamboat whistles—not even when the soldier boys came home from the war,—as that which greeted the shy, yet self-confident "Lindy."

The first glimpse people in Greater New York got of Colonel Lindbergh was when his plane with its escort arrived over the lower tip of Staten Island about 11:30 o'clock. A minute later those on the great assemblage of boats in the Narrows and the Upper Bay caught sight of his plane about 3,000 feet up, crossing into Brooklyn from Midland Beach. Five planes in formation behind him dropped to a lower level, presumably to allow spectators on land to pick him out in the air. Other planes, a score or more, flew high and widely separated several miles behind.

It was characteristic of the Colonel that from

Washington to Mitchel Field he adhered to a schedule with the regularity of his progress in his flight to Paris.

The arrival of Colonel Lindbergh at Mitchel Field was the signal for the start from the Battery of the parade of 10,000 soldiers acting as escort for the guest of honor.

With the arrival of the head of the parade at City Hall Plaza, the ceremonies proceeded without appreciable interruption. There was some delay down the bay because of the congestion of water craft but Colonel Lindbergh was not far behind the end of his escort as his car glided out of Battery Park for the run up Broadway.

By 11 o'clock, when the ticket holders were shut off from entrance to City Hall Plaza, traffic along the line of the parade from the Battery to Madison Square and far into the side streets in each direction was at a standstill.

Congestion extended to all parts of lower Manhattan. Trucking and taxicab traffic diverted away from Broadway and Lafayette Street at 10 o'clock sought other thoroughfares to the eastward and westward. Those thoroughfares were without police direction or pro-

tection. It was a case of free for all with the result that in miles of downtown streets trucks, horse drawn as well as motor and automobiles of all kinds, were in an immovable tangle at noon.

The simplicity, the modesty and the boyishness of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh—really much more "Lindy" than Colonel—completely charmed the thousands which had gathered in the plaza of City Hall to greet him.

His appearance before that great crowd which had so long awaited him under a punishing sun was made with a smile and a flash of white teeth. Mayor Walker had just introduced him with one of his unusually happy speeches, and when it came Lindbergh's turn to stand before the microphone it was found to be set far too low for the tall youth who was to follow.

So one of the broadcasting men stepped up and raised the sliding supporting rod at least a foot. This was what made the Colonel smile. Then stepping up to the device and grasping it with his right hand, which was as steady as if upon one of his plane's controls, "Lindy" began to speak.

Many times during his brief talk, some youngster, evidently far away, as the voice seemed to come from a distance, for all its clearness, cried "Hello, Lindy!" And every time this happened, the youth stopped speaking, and grinned broadly until the applause of the crowd ceased.

The composure of this young man, even if he has faced great throngs in Europe, been mobbed by hundreds of thousands in the enthusiasm of welcomes he has received both abroad and at home, was incredible to-day. The effect of it was redoubled by the appearance of extreme youthfulness he presents to every one. It is difficult to believe that he is twenty-five years of age. He seems a boy still in his teens. Yet it was this same composure, no doubt, that carried him over the Atlantic leagues to supreme laurels.

Colonel Lindbergh wore the familiar blue suit, white turn-down collar and inconspicuous cravat. In his buttonhole was the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and beside it the bar of the Distinguished Flying Cross which President Coolidge fastened to his breast in Washington.

The acclaim the youth received as he came to the rail of the pergola erected in front of the City Hall was only a little more noisy than that given to his mother when Mayor Walker called upon her to face the throng. She did not speak, but stood a minute or two bowing and waving her right hand as she bent forward, smiling.

Lindbergh's speech was brief and delivered with marked slowness. He paused frequently, but such moments of silence did not in the least embarrass him. He waited till he fixed upon what he wished to say next and then said it. And when he finished, he put the same tag to it that he has always used. "I thank you," and backed out of the picture.

Then the automobiles drew up at the west side of the pergola, behind a large escort of mounted policemen, and Colonel Lindbergh was ushered into the first car with Mayor Walker and Grover Whalen. Colonel Lindbergh, acting on suggestion, did not seat himself beside the Mayor, but took a place upon the top of the rear seat, hatless, so that all might see him as he passed northward through the city streets. Mrs. Lindbergh, with Mrs. Walker, followed in the second car.

As Colonel Lindbergh's car started away, an elderly woman passed close to it and said to him: "Please be careful. You might get hurt sitting there." But Colonel Lindbergh assured her with a smile, and clung to his high perch as the car passed on to the cheers of the thousands that lined the great thoroughfare.

Five hours of waiting in the hot sun had served only to bring to a boiling point the enthusiasm of the throngs packed into the stands in City Hall Park. No time was lost in guiding the guest of honor and his party to the reviewing stand where Mayor Walker, officials of the city and members of the reception committee were in waiting.

Grover Whalen, Chairman of the Mayor's Reception Committee, opened the official proceedings on the stand—the voices of the participants being carried to the thousands in the park by amplifiers. Mr. Whalen said:

"Mr. Mayor, in the early dawn of Friday, May 20th last, it was my distinguished privilege to clasp hands with and bid Godspeed to a typical American boy who, armed with sublime courage in himself, was seated in the now famous monoplane 'The Spirit of St. Louis.'

"This brave young American lad who that morning was unknown and unsung, and little dreamed of, the world-wide honor this great deed was to win, set the propellors of his plane roaring, and with a rush that thrilled all of us who watched him speed off alone down that five thousand foot runway, the last touch of American soil he was to know until his wonderful flight over the measureless seas had won for him and for his nation a fame that would be undying.

"Fresh from the spontaneous tributes paid to his high courage and sublime faith by the peoples and the rulers of France, England and Belgium he has returned to us to-day, returned to the city from which he started on his path to glory. It is my honor and privilege to present him to Your Honor, Mayor Walker, the man who has won the love and admiration of the world, Colonel Charles Lindbergh."

The City Scroll was then read and presented to Colonel Lindbergh by Hector Fuller. Mayor Walker spoke in his usual felicitous vein, as follows:

"Colonel Lindbergh, Mrs. Lindbergh, my fellow citizens of the City of New York, let me

dispense with any unnecessary official side or function, Colonel, by telling you that if you have prepared yourself with any letters of introduction to New York City they are not necessary.

"Everybody all over the world in every language has been telling you and the world about yourself. You have been told time after time where you were born, where you went to school, and that you have done the supernatural thing of an air flight from New York to Paris. I am satisfied that you have become convinced of it by this time.

"And it is not my purpose to reiterate any of the wonderful things that have been so beautifully spoken and written about you and your triumphal ride across the ocean. But while it has become almost axiomatic, it sometimes seems prosaic to refer to you as a great diplomat, because after your superhuman adventure, by your modesty, by your grace, by your gentlemanly American conduct, you have left no doubt of that. But the one thing that occurs to me that has been overlooked in all the observations that have been made of you is that you are a great grammarian, and that you have given

added significance and a deeper definition to the word 'we.'

"We have heard and we are familiar with the editorial 'we,' but not until you arrived in Paris did we learn of the aeronautical 'we.'

Now you have given to the world a flying pronoun.

"That 'we' that you used was perhaps the only word that would have suited the occasion and the great accomplishment that was yours. That all-inclusive word of 'we' was quite right, because you were not alone in the solitude of the sky and the sea, because every American heart from the Atlantic to the Pacific was beating for you. Every American, every soul throughout the world was riding with you in spirit, urging you on and cheering you on to the great accomplishment that is yours.

"That 'we' was a vindication of the courage, of the intelligence, of the confidence—and the hopes of Nungesser and Coli now only live in the prayers and the hearts of the people of the entire world.

"That 'we' that you coined was well used, because it gave an added significance and additional emphasis to the greatest of any and all

ranks, the word of faith, and turned the hearts of all the people of the civilized world to your glorious mother, whose spirit was your spirit, whose confidence was your confidence, and whose pride was your pride; the 'we' that includes all that has made the entire world stand and gasp at your great feat; and that 'we' also sent out to the world another message, and brought happiness to the people of America, and admiration and additional popularity for America and Americans by all the people of the European countries.

"Colonel Lindbergh, on this very platform are the Diplomatic Corps, the diplomatic representatives of all the countries of the civilized world, but before you and around you are the peoples themselves, of all the countries of the civilized world; foregathered in this city, the greatest cosmopolitan institution in all the world, are the peoples who have come from the forty-eight States of the Union, and from every country of the civilized world; and here to-day as Chief Magistrate of this city, the world city, the gateway to America, the gateway through which peoples from the world have come in the search for liberty and freedom—and have

found it—here to-day let it be written and let it be observed that the Chief Magistrate of this great city, the son of a immigrant, is here to welcome as the world's greatest hero another son of an immigrant.

"What more need I call to your attention in view of the busy life that you have been leading, and have the right to expect to lead? What more can we say as we foregather in the streets of this old city, and to-day not by the words alone of the Mayor, or the beautifully written words of a scroll that will be given you, as you stand here, I am sure you hear something even more eloquent and glorious—you can hear the heartbeats of six millions of people that live in this, the City of New York. And the story they tell is one of pride, is one of admiration, for courage and intelligence; is one that has been born out of and is predicated upon the fact that as you went over the ocean you inscribed on the heavens themselves a beautiful rainbow of hope and courage and confidence in mankind.

"Colonel Lindbergh, New York City is yours —I don't give it to you; you won it. New York not only wants me to tell you of the love and

appreciation that it has for your great venture but is deeply and profoundly grateful for the fact that again you have controverted all the old rules and made new ones of your own, and kind of cast aside temporarily even the weather prophets and have given us a beautiful day.

"So just another word of the happiness, the distinction and the pride which the City of New York has to-day to find you outside this historical building, sitting side by side with your glorious mother, happy to find you both here, that we might have had the opportunity and a close-up, to tell you that like the rest of the world—but because we are so much of the world, even with a little greater enthusiasm than you might find in any other place in the world—I congratulate you and welcome you into the world city, that you may look the world in the face."

Mayor Walker presented Colonel Lindbergh with the Medal of Valor of the City of New York, pinning it to the lapel of his blue coat, to which has recently also been appended many other medals worn only by men of distinguished service.

"Before we present Colonel Lindbergh," Mr.

Whalen announced to the crowd, "we will give you the great pleasure of seeing his mother."

Mrs. Lindbergh, a self-possessed mother, was presented and bowed to the cheering multitude. Then Colonel Lindbergh proved himself again an orator of parts in that he spoke briefly and to the point and also humorously where humorous reference was fitting. It was some time before he could be heard.

Following his instructions from the radio people he sat himself fairly in front of the microphones and spoke slowly and distinctly. He started off with his usual directness.

"When I was preparing to leave New York," he said, "I was warned that if we landed at Le Bourget we might receive a rather demonstrative reception. After having an hour of Le Bourget I did not believe that any one in New York had the slightest conception of what we did receive. Again at Brussels and at London. At London thirteen hundred of the pride of Scotland Yard were lost in the crowd at Croydon as though they had been dropped in the middle of the ocean. With the exception of a few around the car and around the plane, I never saw more than two at any one time.

"At Washington I received a marvelous reception. But at New York I believe that all four put together would be in about just the position of those London Bobbies.

"When I landed at Le Bourget I landed looking forward to the pleasure of seeing Europe and the British Isles. I learned to speak of Europe and the British Isles after I landed in London.

"I had been away from America for a little less than two days. I have been very interested in the things I saw while passing over southern England and France, and I was not in any hurry to get back home.

"By the time I had spent a week in France and a short time in Belgium and England, and had opened a few cables from the United States, I found that I did not have much to say about how long I would stay over there.

"The Ambassador in London said that it was not an order to go back home, but there would be a battleship waiting in a few days.

"So I left Europe and the British Isles with the regret that I had been unable to see either Europe or the British Isles. When I started up the Potomac from the Memphis I decided that

I was not so sorry that I had taken the Ambassador's advice. After spending about an hour in New York I know I am not.

"In regard to aviation I would like to say just a few words, that is, not to expect too rapid development. We are not going to have trans-Atlantic service in a few months. We will have it eventually. It is inevitable, but it will be after careful development and experimental research.

"We should have it probably within five or ten years, but any attempt to fly across the Atlantic regularly without multimotors, without stations at intervals along the route, and without a flying boat that can weather some storm would be foolhardy.

"I want you to remember that aviation has developed on a sound basis, and it will continue to develop on a sound basis.

"I thank you."

The official reception closed with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner."

A mighty roar of cheers and shouts went up at 2:40 o'clock when Colonel Lindbergh, seated in his car beside Mayor Walker, resumed his place in the parade after the impressive ceremonies at City Hall.

FAMOUS FLOAT IN NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE PARADE

The mad scenes of enthusiasm which had marked his progress along Lower Broadway a little earlier were repeated on Lafayette Street and on Fifth Avenue. The hundreds of thousands who had waited for hours seemed tireless in their outbursts of applause and acclamation as the cars with "Lindy" and his mother passed.

When Colonel Lindbergh's car reached the Tombs, all the barred windows were crowded with eager prisoners who tried to outdo their free fellow-citizens in the streets in their cheering.

Colonel Lindbergh was bareheaded as he watched the crowds and buildings in passing. Occasionally he laughed at some of the remarks made to him by Mayor Walker and he seemed amused at the showers of confetti and the streamers of vari-colored tape that greeted him everywhere.

Along Fifth Avenue the crowds were even denser, and paper from the windows on both sides of the street showered the two cars in which Colonel Lindbergh and his mother rode.

Traffic policemen in all the towers along the route stood at attention and saluted as the cars

passed—a tribute which the young hero acknowledged with a smile.

The parade reached the Eternal Light, New York's monument to its soldiers in the World War, at 3:30 o'clock. Madison Square was jammed, and it was with some difficulty that a space was kept open to permit Colonel Lindbergh's approach to the Light, where 100 members of the American Legion, wearing their blue and gold caps, were waiting for him.

As soon as Colonel Lindbergh's car stopped, Miss Clara Fitcher, a trim, gray-haired woman who had served as a nurse in France during the World War, met him with a large wreath of roses. The flyer stepped out of the car and, after he had greeted her, they together carried the wreath to the Light and placed it at the base, while several bands played "The Star Spangled Banner."

Colonel Lindbergh then talked to Miss Fitcher for a few moments and, bidding her good-by by bending over her hand in his courtly manner, turned to go back to his car.

The crowds, however, had succeeded in pressing forward and cutting off his path to the car,

and twenty policemen were required to open up a lane for him to pass through.

When Colonel Lindbergh finally had succeeded in getting back into his car, the parade got under way again and proceeded up Fifth Avenue to Central Park, where his auto and that of his mother's passed through lines of troops to the Mall, where they arrived at 4:15 o'clock.

Here the young flyer was presented to Gov. Al Smith and Mrs. Smith by Grover Whalen.

After shaking hands with Colonel Lindbergh, Gov. Smith addressed him as follows:

"We have called you here to present you with the Medal of Valor, and the word 'Valor' is the best expression we can use to describe your feat. We have great respect for the manly way in which you won through."

With this, the Governor placed the medal, which is made of silver, around the flyer's neck, remarking with a smile:

"I see you are still described as a Captain on this medal, Colonel. I hope that by the time this has been changed, you will be a General."

Colonel Lindbergh flushed as he listened and

then, stooping down to the microphone, he replied:

"The receptions which Paris, London, Brussels and even Washington gave me cannot be exceeded in sentiment, but the reception which New York has given me has surpassed them all in volume.

"It gave me pleasure to see the French flag flying among the Stars and Stripes just as seeing the Stars and Stripes flying among the flags of other nations in Europe gave me pleasure. I want to say right now that America has a true friend in France."

The crowds then shouted for Mrs. Lindbergh, and Colonel Lindbergh brought his mother to the front of the platform and introduced her amid cheers. She smiled, but said nothing.

After that Colonel Lindbergh, Gov. Smith, Mayor Walker and their staffs reviewed the parade.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HERO "PLAYS HOOKEY" ON LONG ISLAND

ONE day during his brief stay in New York, Colonel Lindbergh succeeded in escaping from those who would have followed him and went to Long Island. This was on June 14, and the story of that morning when he "played hookey," was thus related to Lindsay Denison by Nils T. Granlund, a widely-known radio announcer, who was of the "hookey" party:

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh waked after six hours sleep in New York in the early morning of June 14, and began worrying about his ship "The Spirit of St. Louis," which he left at Washington for slight repairs.

Colonel Lindbergh routed out his friends and made a vain trip to the U. S. Army air field and Curtiss Field at Mineola to get a plane to fly him to Washington so that he could himself bring back, right away, the other half of his trans-Atlantic "We."

"Slim" wanted that ship here so that he could

start with it to St. Louis. He did not want the ship brought to New York by any one but himself. He wanted the ship there right away so that he could fuss over it and tune it up until Friday morning when Major Lanphier and the army pursuit group from Selfridge Field, Michigan, were to escort him from New York to St. Louis.

Slim waked Richard R. Blythe of Bruno & Blythe, his public relations counsel, who goes with him everywhere and acts for him, and was sleeping in the next room. Blythe called Casey Jones, who is head test pilot for the Curtiss people. I happened to be with Casey Jones and have had some aviation experience, so they asked me to go along.

We found Lindbergh finishing his breakfast with Police Lieutenant Arthur Wallinger, the city's escort in charge of him during his visit here. Lindbergh was in the blue pin striped suit which had been pulled and hauled and stretched in the two weeks since he had it made in Paris that it already looks like old clothes.

"Casey," said Blythe, "Slim wants you to take him down to Mitchel Field. He wants to go to Washington in a Government plane and

get back here in time to keep his engagement with the school schildren at 1:30 o'clock."

"Come on," said Casey. "Where's your hat? It's raining."

"Oh, I haven't got a hat," said Slim. "Every time I get a hat or a cap somebody takes it away from me. I guess I'll buy myself one to-morrow. Haven't time now."

So we went down and found Casey's car. It is an awful thing to look at. Nobody but Casey can drive it; he can't drive it very much. It is a wonder the police let it loose on the streets."

"Do we have to go in this?" Lindbergh asked, giving Casey a cold and critical glance.

Casey Jones was too proud to talk back. He climbed in to the wheel and Lindbergh, Lieutenant Wallinger and myself got in the back, with Blythe in front. Motorcycle Officer Allen N. Van Hagen and Arthur Graef trailed in behind.

It kept raining harder all the time. Lindbergh kept looking back at those motorcycle policemen and shaking his head.

"Those fellows ought not to be taking all that wet," he said. "We don't need them. Can't we send them back, Wallinger?"

We pulled out and had a council. The cops hid their motorcycles in the police booth at the end of the bridge and I hired a taxicab and they trailed us under cover.

"This is the first time I have been my own boss since I got to Paris," Slim said. "It's great—this trip. But it's tough to have to take it with a car like this—and a driver."

Jones told him where to go, and it was not to Paris.

Somebody said something about the earth inductor compass and how it might help Casey.

Then we all began to talk about the way Lindbergh got through the fog 1,300 miles out from Newfoundland on his way to Paris and still hit the Irish coast just where he hoped to hit it. Slim was serious at once.

"Major Lanphier told me," he said, "that the reason I got through was that I had the wind on my tail. He said if I had been hit by a north or south wind I would have landed in Iceland or the mid-Atlantic. He said it was because I had no drift indicator; now I did have one of those things; but I didn't bother with it. I knew I could go across with a compass and hit Ireland within fifty miles of a

given spot. After I hit Ireland I was all right, because when it got dark in France they had lights everywhere so I could see where I was going."

"Why didn't the English send up guide planes to take you to France?" Casey Jones asked him.

"Guess they didn't think I could make it," said Lindbergh.

"Did you really think you had to take letters of introduction and tell them when you came down on the field that you were Lindbergh?" I asked him.

"That was one laugh on Ted Roosevelt and me," he said, grinning. "I mean about the letters. I didn't say anything when they came to the side of my plane in Paris. I was scared speechless for fear the crowd would get up against the propeller which was still spinning and get their heads cut off.

"Then I was afraid they would tear the plane to pieces. So I got out to let them rip me apart instead of the plane. They went after me good and plenty, but I had on a flying suit and they couldn't get a good hold on me. Then a French officer took my helmet and put

it on a young man about my size and yelled 'Vive Lindbergh.' What they didn't do to that poor boy! They tore the sleeve out of his coat and split his trousers. He lost all his money.

"I got my helmet back. They may get all the hats and caps away from me, but I am going to keep that helmet.

Lindbergh's nose was fiery red and his face only a little less burned.

"Get that on the cruiser coming over?" asked Wallinger.

"No," said Slim, "I got it on that pursuit ship I drove from Washington yesterday."

"What was your idea in doing a slow barrel roll going over Philadelphia?" I asked him. I had been waiting to ask that question. The slow barrel roll is about as ugly a stunt as a flyer can do. He turns over so that he is flying upside down and then rolls over and back again until he is upside down on the other side.

"Oh," said Slim, "I saw some of the boys doing that at Bolling Field Saturday and I figured I could do it. I did, but I lost 350 feet of altitude."

"Were you all in when you got to Paris," the Lieutenant asked.

"I was tired, yes. But I got sleep, though I thought I couldn't. Yes, Mr. Herrick was all in, too."

"The Prince of Wales was all right," he said in answer to another question. "I only saw him about ten minutes. My biggest laugh of the trip was Scotland Yard, when I went over to Croydon. Thirteen hundred policemen were sent to protect the field. Scotland Yard thought it was too many—that all England couldn't get past 1,300 policemen. I saw the 1,300 policemen as I came down and then I didn't see any of them any more.

"I had a nice visit with the King of the Belgians," he said at another time. "The Queen was all over my plane. The King knows ships, too. He is an aviator and could get along all right by himself though they never let him go up without a relief pilot."

"Seen the papers? Know they had all the way from two to fourteen pages of pictures on you to-day?" asked Wallinger.

"Wh-a-a-a-a-t!" the boy shouted. "Are you kidding. I cannot understand it. All this is

entirely beyond me. But I know one thing, kind as it all is, I can't stand it much longer."

We showed him a sign on a movie theater "Lindy Arrives in New York." We showed him colored prints and newspaper pictures of him in small store windows. We were going along through Floral Park.

"I'm going to St. Louis and then get out of St. Louis to some place where nobody knows me and get a rest," he said.

We all laughed. He wanted to know what the joke was.

"Just what small town have you picked out where they don't know you?" I asked him.

"There are plenty of them," he said and felt rather hurt when we laughed again.

Somebody asked what he thought of the plan to establish floating landing fields across the Atlantic as has been recently put forward.

"Ridiculous!" Slim said. "Silly! Suppose you did come down on one of them. You would still be in a land plane and headed out over open water. The way to cross the ocean is in a seaplane. The reason I did not go in a seaplane is because there is none yet built which will carry a big enough gas load and a boat.

But there will be. If they want landing and refilling stations let them build inclosed harbors—floating breakwaters—which will make a resting place for seaplanes."

When we reached Mitchel Field we went to headquarters. Slim said he wanted a ship to go to Washington. One of the men asked him to sign the usual blank for a reserve flyer taking out a Government ship. He signed it just "Charles A. Lindbergh—R." I suppose the R was for "reserve." Then the other three clerks in the place made him sign duplicate receipts.

The Major in command looked over the weather charts. The notations for Bolling Field were "poor and dangerous."

The Major shook his head.

"I don't say you cannot go," said the Major. "But I cannot advise it."

"Can't you call up Bolling and ask them," Lindbergh said, "just what conditions are down there? This weather here is all right for flying. It's fine." He pointed out of the door into the pouring rain. "We always fly air mail in this weather without any hesitation."

"It would be very dangerous," said the Major, "this weather and that notation."

"I can make it, I know I can," said Slim. He was almost boyish in his pleading. "Besides I know one corner of that field where there isn't any mud and I will be perfectly safe."

But it was perfectly plain that the Major did not care to take the responsibility of authorizing Lindbergh to fly into a dangerous situation.

"Casey," Slim said to Jones, "have you got a ship?"

"If that clip wing Oriole is in from Detroit yet, you can get to Washington in two hours," said Jones.

"Let's go," said Slim.

So we piled into the cars and went to Curtiss Field. He went to the pilots' shack there, took a helmet from one pilot and a pair of rubber-rimmed goggles from another (he said he wished he might have had those goggles on the Atlantic trip) and took down a map from the wall and said he was all set.

Then Casey came back and said the Oriole would be ready in quarter of an hour. We

went over to Casey's office. Two minutes after we got there there was a crowd of 400 workmen and clerks outside the window cheering. All the time Slim was autographing pictures and things. One man brought him a funnel with a tag on it.

"What's that?" asked Slim.

"That's what I used when the last oil was poured into you before you hopped for Paris," said the mechanic. Slim signed the tag.

Casey got word that it would take half an hour to get the Oriole ready. Wallinger and Blythe told him he would have to give up going to Washington or miss his Central Park engagement.

"I don't blame him," he said about the cautious Major, "but I wish I could have made him understand how safe it was.

"Our rule in the air mail is to take off when you can take off. Once off you go as far as you can and put the mail on a train. We don't worry about weather conditions at the other end—not on short flights. If we run into bad weather and can't get through, we come back. If you can't get back you can come down. Weather doesn't mean a thing.

"Our experience is different from that abroad. We do not mind fogs. When I was in London and wanted to fly back to Paris they told me it couldn't be done because there was a fog bank 1,000 feet deep over the Channel. They wouldn't let me try it in a Government plane. I borrowed a civilian plane and made it all right.

"When I went up 13,000 feet to get over fog on my way over, it wasn't for fear of the fog; it was because there was likely to be snow and sleet in the fog. Fog doesn't mean anything by itself. I doubt if Nungesser and Coli were accustomed to flying through fogs or knew by experience that they must climb out of a fog if they met sleet or freezing rain."

Slim walked out into the rain and looked at the sky. It was beginning to brighten. There was even a gleam of sunlight.

"Look at that," he said. "I could see three miles and there the ceiling is 3,000 feet up."

"Don't you feel a little too tired to fly?"

Slim laughed.

"Weren't you horribly and painfully tired when you were thirty-three and one-half hours

in the same uncomfortable position?" I asked him.

"It was pretty bad for the first six hours," he said, quite seriously, "but after that I was numb and didn't mind it."

We had three little accidents in the morning. Once going out, Casey Jones, the demon chauffeur, made a short stop at a bad spot in the road. The taxicab coming behind had to slew off to the side of the road and missed us by two inches.

Wallinger is a Swede, so am I. Lindbergh looked around and said, "That's where three Swedes nearly got a bump." We talked about Sweden. I knew Wallinger's old home town. Lindbergh did not know Sweden nor Swedish. We talked Swedish to fool him. He said his father had learned Swedish in Minnesota.

"My mother never learned it," Lindbergh said, "so I never picked it up."

Casey Jones got peeved because we had kidded his car and wouldn't take us, so we borrowed a decent car from the Curtiss people. Blythe drove going home. Near Floral Park a fleet of gasoline tanks turned in front of a filling station when we were going pretty fast

and we skidded for about thirty feet. This time there was real danger. I couldn't believe that we weren't going over and there wasn't a bad wreck. Slim never even turned his head, but he laughed.

Then a traffic cop stopped us on Park Avenue when we crossed a red light, carelessly. We had the motorcycle men with us and Wallinger. They all had their caps off.

The traffic man, a big Irishman, came over feeling for his ticket pad and making a noise like a popping exhaust. He put his face in the window and found Lindbergh in front of him.

"'Tis Lindbergh himself," he said. His jaw dropped. "Now what the—"

"Never mind, officer," Wallinger said, putting on his cap. We went on. For all we know the cop is still standing there.

Lindbergh turned right around and went back to Mineola when he learned there was to be no concert of school children. He went up in the Oriole plane, but found the weather had grown so thick that he could not see ground from a safe distance in air. Jones persuaded him not to try to get to Washington.

CHAPTER XXII

THE OFFICIAL DINNER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

ALMOST 4,000 of New York's most prominent citizens in all walks of life gathered at the Hotel Commodore on the evening of his second day in the city to pay homage to him in a more personal way. The spirit of "Lindy's" clean, unspoiled youth pervaded the great banquet hall and infected all those present. Bank presidents, corporation heads, judges, educators, editors, high city officials—they all forgot their years and their reserve to meet Slim on an equal footing of good fellowship, and the guest of honor, and the 4,000 others who were "just guests" of the City of New York, spent a memorable evening.

Governor Smith of New York told Colonel Lindbergh that he had "found the first place in the heart of America, as typifying the youth, the spirit and the courage of the great country that you represent."

"Lindy," confused and flushing again in his modesty, as the whole assemblage rose to its feet to salute him boisterously, told of his hazardous flight and then drew an enthusiastic picture of his dream of what aviation will be like in the future, and Charles Evans Hughes, who himself has graced innumerable dinners as the guest of honor, delivered one of the most eloquent speeches of his colorful career in eulogy of "Lindy."

Mr. Hughes's speech was as follows:

"Mr. Mayor, Governor Smith and Colonel Lindbergh: I once read of a young American lady who was asked whether she had read the *Kentucky Cardinal?* She said 'No, she was not interested in ecclesiastical history.' 'Oh,' her friend said, 'this Cardinal was a bird.' 'Oh,' said she, 'I do not care anything about his private life.'

"To-night we are greeting one whom we have learned to love as much as we honor, and to honor as much as we love, who is in every sense a bird in the correct technique of that term. The wise man said that one of the things that was too wonderful for him was the way of an eagle in the air. Even Solomon, in all

his glory of his wisdom, could not imagine the way of this American eaglet in the air.

"The wonders of science have made the old mythological tales seem tame and small. Some one has said that it is of little use to talk of the end of a period for we are always at the beginning of a new one. Of all eras this is the most fascinating, the most dramatic, the most heroic. Let that which hath wings tell the story.

"When a young man, slim and silent, can hop overnight to Paris and then in the morning telephone his greetings to his mother in Detroit; when millions throughout the length and breadth of this land and over sea through the mysterious waves, which have been taught to obey our command, can listen to the voice of the President of the United States according honors for that achievement, honors which are but a faint reflection of the affection and esteem cherished in the hearts of the countrymen of the West who distinguished America by that flight, then indeed is the day that hath no bother; then now is the most marvelous day that this old earth has ever known.

"We measure heroes as we do ships, by their

displacement. Colonel Lindbergh had displaced everything. His displacement is beyond all calculation. He fills all our thought; he has displaced politics, Governor Smith.

"For the time being, he has lifted us into the freer and upper air that is his home. He has displaced everything that is petty; that is sordid; that is vulgar. What is money in the presence of Charles A. Lindbergh?

"What is the pleasure of the idler in the presence of this supreme victor of intelligence and industry? He has driven the sensation mongers out of the temples of our thought. He has kindled anew the fires on the eight ancient altars of that temple. Where are the stories of crime, of divorce, of the triangles, that are never equilateral? For the moment we have forgotten.

"This is the happiest day, the happiest day of all days for America, and as one mind is now intent upon the noblest and the best. America as picturing to herself youth with the highest aims, with courage unsurpassed; science victorious. Last and not least, motherhood, with her loveliest crown.

"We may have brought peoples together.

This flight may have been the messenger of good will, but good will for its beneficial effects depends upon the character of those who cherish it.

"We are all better men and women because of this exhibition in this flight of our young friend. Our boys and girls have before them a stirring, inspiring vision of real manhood. What a wonderful thing it is to live in a time when science and character join hands to lift up humanity with a vision of its own dignity.

"America is fortunate in her heroes; her soul feeds upon their deeds; her imagination reveals in their achievements. There are those who would rob them of something of their luster, but no one can debunk Lindbergh, for there is no bunk about him. He represents to us, fellow-Americans, all that we wish—a young American at his best."

Colonel Lindbergh responded thus:

"After I had been out of New York about twenty-eight hours there was a certain amount of fog and I had a little trouble over sleet and storm. I had been flying all night and all day, passed over icebergs and ice fields of Milton, N. S., and about that time the Martens of the

Irish coast, the west coast of Ireland, loomed into the distance.

"Five hours later, after I landed at Le Bourget, I said to an Irishman in Paris that the southwest coast of Ireland was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. The next day cables of invitation to visit Ireland and Dublin began to come to me.

"At Le Bourget all the soldiers that were available from the French Air Service and adjoining fields were powerless to hold back the French people. They walked completely over an iron fence seated in concrete.

"In the City of Paris, standing shoulder to shoulder, the police were unable to hold back the crowds. At Croydon 1,300 London bobbies, the pride of Scotland Yard, were entirely lost in that London crowd, which is so easily held in check by a handful of those bobbies.

"New York overshadowed London and Paris put together, and a great deal more. Yet at no time did I see a break in the lines of the New York police. I do not believe there is another country in the world, another city in the world that can show a police organization like New York.

"This is a very fitting time to look forward to the possibilities of aviation in America. This country is naturally situated to be the leading country in aeronautics in the world. It is possible to fly long distances without crossing an international border. The weather conditions are good on the whole. We have a people to whom time means more than to the people of any other country, and we have an Air Mail Service better than that of any European nation or group of nations.

"Yet, there is great room for improvement in the United States in aeronautics. We have practically no passenger lines. Our greatest need to-day is for air ports closer to cities; we might save several hours in flying between two large cities and lose one hour at each city in traveling to and from the air port in that city. We need modern air ports close to the center of towns.

"Our mail service, which is now practically entirely in the hands of private operators, is in a few cases on a paying basis. By a paying basis I do not mean that there is any margin, any large margin, of profit. Most of these lines are just about holding their own, or losing

a little each year. If we could have an increased volume of air mail by 50 per cent we could undoubtedly develop our mail lines and put them on a paying basis in a very short time.

"Trans-Atlantic air travel between this country and Europe is only a matter of development. It will not come immediately, but within a few years, which it must have to start the trans-Atlantic service. The ships used will undoubtedly carry multimotors and will be able to land on water and weather a storm. The next great step in transoceanic communication by air is that of the multimotor machine. I believe that these machines will begin to demonstrate their possibilities within a very short time, although regular communication will not come until years of research and development have passed.

"In the meantime, the most important thing for us to do is to develop the transcontinental branch lines which we already have. A commercial air service in America gives a reserve in case of war which we can develop in no other way. Experienced pilots cannot be trained as quickly as airplanes can be built. We do not

invite war; yet one of the surest ways of averting it is to have a trained personnel which can be mobilized quickly in case of war. A commercial air service will give us that personnel in the matter of fighting planes in case we are forced into conflict. Our planes in the army airport are the most developed in the world, although we have very few of them. And I have no hesitation in saying, without the least exaggeration, that the pilots of the United States Army have no equal in the civilized world.

"I would like to bring forward the necessity of developing an airport as quickly as possible in each town and city of this country. As soon as those airports are placed at the disposal of American airmen we will have a passenger service equal to our mail service and better than any of the European nations."

The Borough of Brooklyn gave June 16 a reception to the Colonel that will live long in its history.

Colonel Lindberg, early on the morning of June 17, left New York in his beloved plane, "The Spirit of St. Louis," for St. Louis to be greeted by its entire population.

CABLES AND TELEGRAMS

THE FLIGHT OF

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS

MAY 20-21, 1927

As Compiled from the Official Records
of the
Department of State

Presented by the Secretary of State
Frank B. Kellogg, June 11, 1927, to

CAPTAIN LINDBERGH

In commemoration of his epochal achievement
[262]

CABLES AND TELEGRAMS

FOREWORD

At 6.52 on the morning of Friday, May 20, 1927, Captain Charles A. Lindbergh, 25-year-old officer of the Missouri National Guard and airmail pilot, who ten days previously had set a new long-distance record by crossing the continent alone in his specially constructed single-engine Ryan monoplane, "The Spirit of St. Louis," took off from Roosevelt Field to attempt the flight from New York to Paris. He flew alone and without wireless.

The tragic disappearance of Captains Nungesser and Coli of France, whose heroic but ill-fated endeavor to fly from Paris to New York had aroused universal admiration and sorrow, was still fresh in the minds of men, and Captain Lindbergh's effort was watched with mingled feelings of deep anxiety and tense interest.

Frequent news of his progress northward and eastward along the Atlantic coast increased the excitement of his millions of well-wishers, and at 6.15 on Friday evening he was reported over St. John's, Newfoundland, headed for the ocean in the direction of Ireland. That was the last bit of information concerning him for almost twelve hours, when word was received on Saturday morning that he had been sighted by a steamer some 500 miles off the Irish coast. From then on the reports became more frequent, and as he drew nearer his goal he was picked up and escorted by British and then French planes. Ten hours later, at 10.21 P. M., Paris time, he made a perfect landing on the flying field at Le Bourget, outside Paris, where a huge and enthusiastic throng had gathered to welcome him. He had covered the 3,600 miles between New York and Paris in 33½ hours at an average speed of 107½ miles per hour.

During the days which followed in Paris, where he was the guest of the American Embassy, he was received by the French Government and people with an enthusiasm and cordiality which has seldom been paralleled. For the first time in history the President of the French Republic personally decorated an American citizen with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

On May 28 he flew to Brussels, where a similar welcome awaited him and where King Albert bestowed upon him the order of Chevalier of the Royal Order of Leopold.

Proceeding to England in his plane, he was greeted by immense crowds at Croydon and was received by King George, who presented him with the Royal Air Force Cross.

After returning to Paris once more to say farewell to the country where he had first landed from his flight, he left from Cherbourg on the U. S. S. *Memphis,* which had been placed at his disposal by the American Government, and upon his arrival in Washington he was officially received by President Coolidge, who decorated him with the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Some small conception of the extent to which Captain Lindbergh's astonishing achievement and his remarkable poise in the moment of triumph touched the imagination of all peoples may be gathered from the following official messages selected from the records of the Department of State. In reading this brief and necessarily incomplete compilation, future generations may themselves sense something of the thrill which swept through the hearts of men and women when the word was flashed: "Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget at 10.21, Paris time."

FRANK B. KELLOGG

NEW YORK TO PARIS

MAY 20-21, 1927

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 13, 1927.

His Excellency
President Gaston Doumergue,
Paris.

I desire to extend to you and to the people of France this expression of my deep personal sympathy, which I assure you is shared by all Americans, in this time of anxiety over the fate of the two French aviators, Nungesser and Coli. Their splendid courage has touched the imagination of America and there is everywhere the most earnest hope that they may still be found. I assure you that this Government is doing everything humanly possible to assist in the search, and I pray that this search may issue in success.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

ELYSÉE PALACE,
Paris, May 14, 1927.

His Excellency
Mr. Calvin Coolidge,
President of the Republic of the United States of America, Washington.

I hasten to thank you, in my own name and in the name of the French people for the deep sympathy you so kindly take in the anxiety now gripping our hearts about the fate of the two aviators Nungesser and Coli. The French people are deeply touched by the marks of admiration evinced in these circumstances by the people of the United States and the generous assistance so kindly lent by the American Government to the endeavor now being made to find the missing aviators. In this trying moment, as in all those she has undergone, France once more experiences the active sympathy of your great country.

GASTON DOUMERGUE

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
Paris, May 20, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

Associated Press informs me that Lindbergh left New York at 7.52 American time * this morning. Please confirm as inquiries will be made of me.

HERRICK

* Daylight saving time.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 20, 1927.

American Embassy,
Paris.

Press reports Lindbergh left 6.52 a. m., passed Providence 8.40, and Brockton, Massachusetts, 8.55, standard time.

KELLOGG

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 21, 1927.

American Embassy,
Paris.

Please deliver the following message from the President to Captain Lindbergh immediately on his arrival:

The American people rejoice with me at the brilliant termination of your heroic flight. The first non-stop flight of a lone aviator across the Atlantic crowns the record of American aviation, and in bringing the greetings of the American people to France you likewise carry the assurance of our admiration of those intrepid Frenchmen, Nungesser and Coli, whose bold spirits first ventured on your exploit, and likewise a message of our continued anxiety concerning their fate.

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

KELLOGG

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
Paris, May 23, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

FOR THE PRESIDENT FROM LINDBERGH. Your appreciative message filled me with gratitude.

HERRICK

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
Paris, May 22, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

FOR THE PRESIDENT. All France is deep in joy at Charles Lindbergh's brave flight. Your message was such a worthy tribute. If we had deliberately sought a type to represent the youth, the intrepid adventure of America, and the immortal bravery of Nungesser and Coli, we could not have fared as well as in this boy of divine genius and simple courage.

HERRICK

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
Paris, May 21, 1927.

Mrs. Evangeline L. Lindbergh,
Detroit, Michigan.

Warmest congratulations. Your incomparable son has honored me by becoming my guest. He is in fine condition and sleeping sweetly under Uncle Sam's roof.

MYRON HERRICK

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 21, 1927.

American Embassy,
Paris.

Please deliver the following personal message to Captain Charles A. Lindbergh: "I heartily congratulate you on the success of your great adventure in accomplishing a non-stop flight from New York to Paris. It is a great step in the advancement of aviation. Every one in the United States is proud of your accomplishment."

KELLOGG

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
Paris, May 23, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

FOR THE SECRETARY FROM LINDBERGH. Your kind message tremendously appreciated.

HERRICK

ELYSÉE PALACE,
Paris, May 21, 1927.

His Excellency,
Mr. Calvin Coolidge,
President of the United States of America,
Washington.

On the morrow of the attempt of our aviators, whose misfortune was so keenly felt by the kindly hearts of your countrymen, Charles Lindbergh made true the dream of Nungesser and Coli, and by his audacious flight brought about the aerial union of the United States and France.

All Frenchmen unreservedly admire his courage and rejoice in his success. I congratulate you most heartily in the name of the Government of the Republic and of the whole country.

GASTON DOUMERGUE

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 21, 1927.

His Excellency,
Mr. Gaston Doumergue,
President of the French Republic,
Paris.

I thank you for your cordial message, which I share with the American people. I rejoice in the success of the young man who so courageously set forth on his lonely flight, but neither I nor the people of the United States forget to share in the sorrow of France in the recent loss of your two brave aviators. It is largely due to the genius of France that aviation has progressed so rapidly, and as it brings us closer as measured by hours so it must increase our heritage of sympathy and understanding.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

LAEKENPALS, BELGIUM,
May 22, 1927.

President Coolidge,
Washington.

Warmest congratulations for incomparable achievement of your heroic fellow countryman Lindbergh.

ALBERT

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 25, 1927.

His Majesty
Albert,
King of the Belgians.

I genuinely appreciate the receipt of Your Majesty's congratulations upon the success of Captain Lindbergh.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

MADRID, *May* 22, 1927.

President Coolidge,
Washington.

Please accept my warmest congratulations on wonderful performance of an American aviator in crossing the Atlantic.

ALFONSO R.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 24, 1927.

His Majesty
Alfonso XIII,
Madrid.

Your telegram of congratulation upon the remarkable achievement of Captain Lindbergh is a source of gratification to the American Government and people.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

BUENOS AIRES, *May* 23, 1927.

His Excellency
Calvin Coolidge,
President of the United States of America,
Washington.

In the name of the Argentine people and Government and in my own I tender to Your Excellency our congratulation on the happy outcome of Lindbergh's flight. His feat arouses universal admiration and imparts one more demonstration of the industrial ability, intelligence, and energy of the great people of whom you are the worthy Chief Magistrate.

ALVEAR
President of the Argentine Nation

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 26, 1927.

His Excellency
Marcelo T. de Alvear,
President of the Argentine Republic,
Buenos Aires.

I thank Your Excellency and the people of Argentina most sincerely for the cordial message of congratulations upon the great achievement of the aviator Lindbergh. The sentiments so graciously expressed are deeply appreciated.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

MONTEVIDEO, *May* 23, 1927.

His Excellency
The President of the United States of America,
Washington.

It affords me intense satisfaction to forward to Your Excellency the felicitations of the Uruguayan people, who are joyfully celebrating the stupendous achievement of aviator Lindbergh, who has brought honor to all America by winning for your great friendly nation the admiration and applause of the whole world.

JUAN CAMPISTEGUY,
President of the Republic

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 24, 1927.

His Excellency
Juan Campisteguy,
President of the Oriental Republic of Uruguay,
Montevideo.

I thank you and the people of Uruguay most cordially for your sympathetic message of congratulations upon the accomplishment of the aviator Lindbergh.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

HABANA, *May 22, 1927.*

His Excellency
Calvin Coolidge,
Washington.

Accept, Excellency, the warm felicitation of the people of Cuba and my own for the daring deed achieved by the American aviator Lindbergh. I salute you affectionately.

GERARDO MACHADO

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 27, 1927.

His Excellency
Gerardo Machado,
President of Cuba,
Habana.

I thank you and the people of Cuba most cordially for your sympathetic message of congratulations upon the accomplishment of the aviator Lindbergh.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

PANAMA, *May* 25, 1927.

President Calvin Coolidge,
White House,
Washington.

Lindbergh's flight will leave a luminous track in the history of your great country and of the whole world, and I send you my most sincere congratulations.

RODOLFO CHIARI,
President of the Republic of Panama

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 27, 1927.

His Excellecy
Rodolfo Chiari,
President of the Republic of Panama.

I acknowledge with great appreciation the receipt of the telegram by which Your Excellency expressed admiration and congratulations for the truly inspiring flight of Captain Lindbergh.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

SANTO DOMINGO, *May* 23, 1927.

To His Excellency
President Calvin Coolidge,
Washington.

It affords me pleasure to send to Your Excellency my most cordial felicitations for the ringing triumph won for your great nation by the noble aviator Lindbergh.

PRESIDENT VASQUEZ

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 25, 1927.

His Excellency
Horacio Vasquez,
President of the Dominican Republic,
Santo Domingo.

Please accept my most sincere thanks for Your Excellency's thoughtful telegram of congratulation upon the successful conclusion of the inspiring flight of Captain Lindbergh.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

GUATEMALA, *May* 25, 1927.

His Excellency
Calvin Coolidge,
President of the United States of America,
Washington.

Guatemala joins in the rejoicing of the American people and Government over the happy New York-Paris flight of the pilot Lindbergh, which covers your noble country's aviation with glory.

LAZARO CHACON,
President of Guatemala

THE WHITE HOUSE,
Washington, May 28, 1927.

His Excellency
Lazaro Chacón,
President of Guatemala,
Guatemala.

I acknowledge with thanks and deep appreciation the receipt of your thoughtful telegram of congratulations upon the successful termination of Captain Lindbergh's flight to Paris.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
Rome, May 23, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

I received yesterday afternoon from Mussolini an autographed letter of which the following is a translation:

MR. AMBASSADOR: Accept the expression of enthusiastic admiration which rises in this moment from the hearts of the entire Italian people, rejoicing in the superb transoceanic flight of Lindbergh.

A superhuman will has taken space by assault and has subjugated it. Matter once more has yielded to spirit, and the prodigy is one that will live forever in the memory of men.

Glory to Lindbergh and to his people!

MUSSOLINI

Copy has been sent to Lindbergh at Paris and given to the press.

FLETCHER

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
Rome, May 22, 1927.

Hon. Benito Mussolini,
Rome.

Please accept my most cordial thanks for Your Excellency's letter of generous, inspiring praise of the ocean-conquering flight of the young American aviator, Charles Lindbergh. I have telegraphed to the young hero the cordial message of Your Excellency, which will be highly appreciated, not only by him, but by the entire American Nation.

FLETCHER

AMERICAN LEGATION,
Sofia, May 23, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

The King has just sent his Secretary to the Legation, who requested me to transmit His Majesty's heartiest congratulations and his delight at the magnificent flight over the Atlantic by an American aviator.

WILSON

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 25, 1927.

American Legation,
Sofia.

Please make appropriate acknowledgment and express this Government's sincere appreciation.

KELLOGG

AMERICAN LEGATION,
Lisbon, May 23, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

Chief of Foreign Office to-day called to present on behalf of Portuguese Government, Portuguese people and Foreign Minister, felicitations upon success of Captain Lindbergh. Suggest appreciative reply.

DEARING

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 25, 1927.

American Legation,
Lisbon.

Inform Foreign Office that American people deeply appreciate the Portuguese felicitations upon the success of Captain Lindbergh.

KELLOGG

FRENCH EMBASSY,
Washington, May 22, 1927.

MY DEAR MR. SECRETARY:

A cable from Mr. Briand has just reached this Embassy asking me to express to you the very sincere congratulations of the French Government for the admirable flight of Captain Lindbergh.

It gives me great pleasure to convey this message and to add my Government's deepest thanks for the unsparing efforts made by the United States Government to try and locate our two unfortunate aviators, Nungesser and Coli.

I have the honor to be, my dear Mr. Secretary, with highest regards.

Very sincerely yours,

SARTIGES
Chargé d'Affaires

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 24, 1927.

MY DEAR MR. CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES:

I have received with gratification your note, of May 22, conveying to me the congratulations of the French Government upon the remarkable flight of Captain Lindbergh, and expressing your Government's thanks for the efforts which this Government has made to locate those gallant aviators, Nungesser and Coli.

While this country is rejoicing over the extraordinary achievement of Captain Lindbergh, it has not forgotten the magnificent courage of Nungesser and Coli, nor has it ceased to cherish the hope that they may be found.

I am, my dear Count de Sartiges,

Very sincerely yours,

FRANK B. KELLOGG

Count de Sartiges,
Chargé d'Affaires ad interim
of the French Republic.

BRITISH EMBASSY,
Washington, May 22, 1927.

SIR:

I have the honour to convey to you and to beg you to be so good as to convey to the proper authorities, the following message from Sir Samuel Hoare, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Air:

Very pleased at the success of Captain Lindbergh's courageous venture and send in the name of the Air Council cordial congratulations on his splendid achievement.

I have the honour to be, with the highest consideration, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
For the Ambassador:
H. S. CHILTON

The Honourable Frank B. Kellogg,
Secretary of State of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 26, 1927.

EXCELLENCY:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Your Excellency's note No. 344 of May 22, 1927, conveying for transmission to the proper authorities a message of congratulation from Sir Samuel Hoare, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Air, on account of the recent flight from New York to Paris of Captain Charles Lindbergh.

I shall be gratified if you will convey to His Majesty's Secretary of State for Air an expression of this Government's high appreciation of his kind message of congratulations, which will be communicated to the appropriate authorities.

Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

FRANK B. KELLOGG..

His Excellency
The Right Honorable
Sir Esme Howard, G. C. M. G., K. C. B., C. V. O.,
Ambassador of Great Britain.

PERUVIAN EMBASSY,
Washington, May 23, 1927.

SIR:

I have the honour, in the name of my Government and in my own, to express to Your Excellency the admiration and gratification experienced in Peru at the news of the splendid achievement of American aviation typified by the epochal flight between New York and Paris, undertaken and successfully carried out by Captain Charles Lindbergh.

I take advantage of this happy opportunity to reiterate to Your Excellency the assurances of my highest consideration.

HERNAN VELARDE

His Excellency
Frank B. Kellogg,
Secretary of State.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 27, 1927.

EXCELLENCY:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Your Excellency's note of May 23, 1927, whereby you were good enough to express your gratification and that of the Government of Peru at the success of Captain Charles Lindbergh's attempt to fly from New York to Paris.

Permit me to thank Your Excellency, on my own behalf and that of the Government of the United States, for this communication, which I assure you is cordially appreciated.

Accept, Excellency, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

FRANK B. KELLOGG

His Excellency
Dr. Hernán Velarde,
Ambassador of Peru.

BELGIAN EMBASSY,
Washington, May 24, 1927.

MR. SECRETARY OF STATE:

Belgium, always attentive to the development of science, especially in the domain of the conquest of the air, has followed with particular interest the marvellous flight which the American aviator Lindbergh has just accomplished.

Joining most heartily in the glowing ovations being tendered to this valiant son of America by the entire world, the Government of the King has instructed me to express to the Government of the United States its warmest congratulations upon this occasion and to put forth the hope that the brilliant exploit of Captain Lindbergh will contribute toward bringing the two continents into still closer touch for the greater welfare of all mankind.

I take this occasion, my dear Mr. Secretary, to renew to Your Excellency the assurances of my highest consideration.

BARON DE CARTIER DE MARCHIENNE

His Excellency
Mr. Frank B. Kellogg,
Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 26, 1927.

SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of May 24, 1927, expressing the warm felicitations of the Belgian Government on the magnificent achievement of Captain Lindbergh.

Allow me to express my Government's deep appreciation that your Government should join with it in paying tribute to Captain Lindbergh, who has contributed in no small way toward bringing our two countries into closer friendly relations.

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

FRANK B. KELLOGG

His Excellency
Baron de Cartier de Marchienne,
Belgian Ambassador.

Memorandum left at the Department of State by the German Acting Chargé d'Affaires, May 25, 1927

The Acting German Chargé d'Affaires, O. C. Kiep called upon State Department to-day to express, under instructions of his Government, to the Government of the United States warmest congratulations on the successful flight from New York to Paris and the great aeronautic achievement performed by Captain Charles Lindbergh.

THE NETHERLANDS LEGATION,
Washington, May 25, 1927.

SIR:

In accordance with instructions just received, I have the honor to transmit to Your Excellency the warm congratulations of Her Majesty's Government on the occasion of Captain Charles Lindbergh's heroic flight from New York to Paris.

All Holland is filled with admiration for the success of this great feat and is keenly alive to the significance of this historic achievement.

While complying with the wishes of Her Majesty's Government, I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency, the assurance of my highest consideration.

J. H. VAN ROYEN

The Honorable,
The Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, May 31, 1927.

SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of May 25, 1927, expressing the warm congratulations of the Government of the Netherlands on the splendid flight of Captain Charles Lindbergh.

Allow me to express my Government's deep appreciation that your Government should join with it in paying tribute to Captain Lindbergh's magnificent and historic achievement.

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurance of my highest consideration.

FRANK B. KELLOGG

Mr. J. H. van Royen,
Minister of the Netherlands.

LEGATION OF THE
UNITED STATES OF VENEZUELA,
Washington, May 25, 1927.

EXCELLENCY:

I have the honor to address Your Excellency to express to you the cordial felicitation in the name of the Government of Venezuela, and in my own, on the extraordinary exploit of Captain Charles Lindbergh. In the most tender youth that eminent citizen of the great American nation has covered himself with glory.

I avail myself of the opportunity to renew to Your Excellency, etc.

CARLOS F. GRISANTI

To His Excellency
Frank B. Kellogg,
Secretary of State of the United States of America,
Washington, D. C.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 2, 1927.

SIR:

I have the honor to acknowledge, with appreciation, the receipt of your esteemed communication dated May 25, 1927, expressing congratulations on behalf of the Government of Venezuela and yourself upon the successful flight of Captain Charles Lindbergh from New York to Paris.

I have the honor to assure you that the cordial sentiments expressed by your Government and yourself are greatly appreciated by this Government.

Accept, Sir, the renewed assurances of my highest consideration.

FRANK B. KELLOGG

Señor Dr. Don Carlos F. Grisanti,
Minister of Venezuela.

LEGATION OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC,
Washington, May 25, 1927.

MR. SECRETARY OF STATE:

His Excellency President Vasquez has sent me instructions, which I take particular pleasure in carrying out, to ask you to voice to His Excellency the President, Mr. Coolidge, the satisfaction and enthusiasm of himself and his people in connection with the portentous feat of the intrepid North American aviator, Captain Charles Lindbergh.

He also instructs me to renew to you on such an auspicious occasion the heartfelt expression of his personal sympathy for His Excellency the President of the United States, Your Excellency, and your great and noble people.

Accept, Mr. Secretary, the renewed assurance of my highest consideration.

A. MORALES

To His Excellency Frank B. Kellogg,
Secretary of State of the United States,
Washington.

LEGATION OF POLAND,
Washington, May 26, 1927.

SIR:

I have the honor to inform you that I have been instructed by Prime Minister Marshal Pilsudski to extend to the United States Government on behalf of the Government of the Republic of Poland its congratulations on the great achievement of Captain Charles A. Lindbergh in flying from New York to Paris.

Accept, Sir, the assurances of my highest consideration.

LEON ORLOWSKI,
Chargé d'Affaires

The Honourable
Frank B. Kellogg,
Secretary of State.

May 23, 1927.

President Calvin Coolidge,
Washington.

Osaka Asahi * extends hearty congratulations to you and your people on epoch-making flight across the Atlantic Francewards, successfully achieved by Captain Lindbergh.

* A well-known Japanese newspaper.

WASHINGTON, *May* 24, 1927.

American Embassy,
Tokyo.

Make appropriate acknowledgement of following telegram addressed to the President: "Osaka Asaihi extends hearty congratulations to you and your people on epoch-making flight across the Atlantic Francewards, successfully achieved by Captain Lindbergh."

KELLOGG

AMERICAN LEGATION,
Montevideo, May 24, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

Lindbergh's success in trans-Atlantic flight greeted by Uruguayan press and people with enthusiastic praise.

GRANT SMITH

AMERICAN CONSULATE,
Sao Paulo, May 26, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

America colony Sao Paulo begs Department transmit aviator Lindbergh heartiest congratulations completion New York-Paris non-stop flight.

AMERICAN CONSUL

AMERICAN EMBASSY,
Madrid, June 2, 1927.

Secretary of State,
Washington.

Spanish Government has awarded to Lindbergh Plus Ultra Vires medal, only conferred twice before, and requests I accept it with the usual ceremony on his behalf.

HAMMOND

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 3, 1927.

American Embassy,
Madrid.

You may accept the Plus Ultra Vires medal on Lindbergh's behalf. You will, of course, express the high appreciation of this Government that Captain Lindbergh has been thus honored.

KELLOGG

FRENCH EMBASSY,
Washington, May 30, 1927.

SECRETARY OF STATE:

The President of the French Republic, who has been profoundly touched by the message which the President of the United States has been good enough to address to him on the occasion of the reception given by France to Captain Lindbergh, has just asked me to transmit to Mr. Coolidge a message which is enclosed herewith.

I should be greatly obliged if Your Excellency would convey to Mr. Coolidge, Monsieur Doumergue's telegram.

Accept, Excellency, the assurances of my high consideration.

SARTIGES
Chargé d'Affaires

His Excellency
The Hon. Frank B. Kellogg
Secretary of State of the United States
Washington, D. C.

[Enclosure]

His Excellency
The Honorable Calvin Coolidge,
Washington.

The thanks which Your Excellency has addressed to me for the reception given to Captain Lindbergh by the French Government and people have touched me deeply and will be felt by all my countrymen.

The applause of a whole nation has greeted the hero whose achievement marks a definite step in the conquest of the air.

In the glorious combats for Liberty of to-day, in the moving struggles for human progress, the union between the United States and France remains unalterable and inspiring.

GASTON DOUMERGUE

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